

# MIDWEEK PICTORIAL

The Newspicture  
Weekly

10¢

JANUARY 13, 1937 VOL. XLIV-NO. 22



## NEW LABOR TACTICS

*They Sit Down, Stay In, Lie Down . . . Page 4*



## JEAN SHOWS THE WORLD

*Latest Hollywood Fashions . . . Page 14*



## THE LEOPARD IS SAVAGE

*Adventures in Brazil . . . Page 18*



# Merger in the Old Red Barn!

*The name Life has been sold to Time Magazine. The humorous contents of the old Life are now included in the new Judge, giving readers a double bill for their money.*

THE RINGLINGS said it. "Merger is hell." We now know what Barnum and Bailey and all the Ringling Brothers went through when they put their acts together in one tent. We've just been through it, nearly laughing ourselves to death over the show we're going to give you this coming year.

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So, for "a distracted world that does not know which way to turn nor what will happen to it next," we turn the shafts of the greatest aggregation of essayists, critics, and plain and fancy wits ever assembled under one canvas, upon all human weaknesses. This is the way to convert people to fun. If we can keep the world laughing it might save itself.

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# MIDWEEK PICTORIAL

## The Newspicture Weekly

Editor and Publisher: Monte Bourjaily  
Managing Editor: Franz Hoellering

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January 13, 1937

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## Cross Currents



General Motors chairman Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., arrives to talk over the strike with other automobile makers.



William S. Knudsen is G.M.'s executive vice-president, acts directly with auto strikers.

**A**STROLOGERS have a peculiar fascination, especially at the beginning of a new year when they read the stars and tell us what is in store for the world. Right now, they and other prophets are particularly active, for the year 1937 opens under such clouds of uncertainty in many parts of the world that anything may happen.

We confess to reading everything we can find on the subject, from star gazers to informed observers. Of course, the truth is no one knows.

Business revival seems to have revived the faith of people in democracies and the people of the United States, Great Britain, France and the Scandinavian countries—bulwarks of democracy—seem better off than the peoples of any other land on earth.

Of the two conflicting totalitarian dictatorships, the Soviets with their newly granted constitutional government and general employment, seem better off than the peoples of the fascist states. Internal economic pressure in Germany and financial stringency following the Ethiopian adventure in Italy, together with heavy military expenditures, make a poor lot for the common people.

We still hear an occasional bourbons calling for a dictator and discipline for this country, but the rise of employment and bettering of conditions have reduced these voices to an insignificant minority. Louder is the voice of workers heretofore unorganized who are seizing the opportunity to improve their conditions through new and powerful unions.

Left to their own choice, people are moving slowly and cautiously toward a political economy which might be called social-democrat, if it is not confused with the misnomer of the German nationalist movement.

One recent writer describes nazism as a return to feudalism, with capital replacing land, and industrialists assuming the relation of the old overlords or petty kings. When feudal lords failed to provide their retainers with food, rioting masses drove them out. Will history repeat itself, or will dictators resort to war to provide the usual

diversion from homely problems?

Despite all the ominous signs, observers see definite forces that may keep Europe from war this year.

All are arming, even peace-loving Switzerland, Holland, Belgium and the Scandinavian countries. However, the German war machine is without adequate supplies. France is suffering from internal dissension, England lags behind in rearmament, and Italy alone of the major powers is ready for conflict, with the possible exception of Russia.

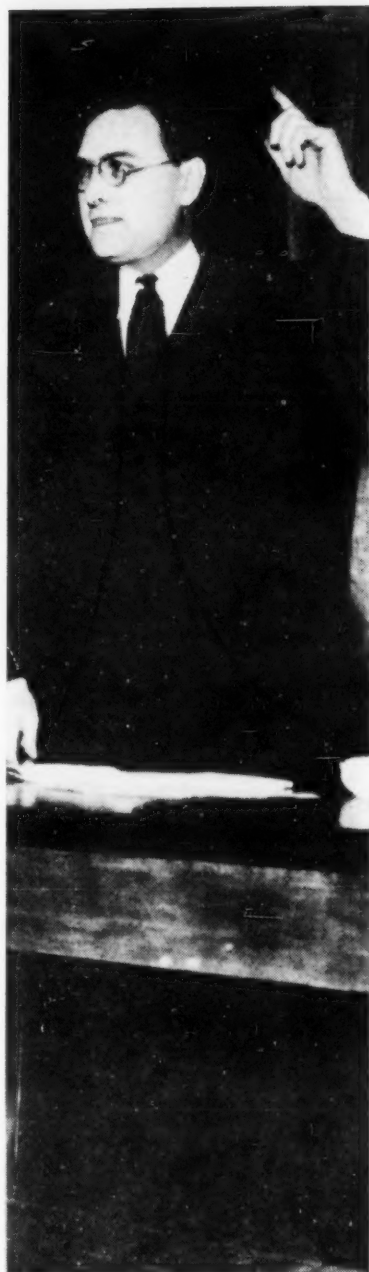
What will be the line-up in case of war? The obvious answer is fascist Italy and Germany with Austria and Hungary against the Soviets, with democratic Britain and France caught between, and their decision influencing the lesser states. But the alignments are not as clear as all that and the war, if it comes, may produce some strange alliances.

Under-cover movements in and out of totalitarian states play an important part in the decision between peace and war. For the lesson of the last conflict is that governments are swept away when they bring war upon their nations. The destruction of the great Germanic empires of Germany and of Austria-Hungary may be followed by the return of democracy, or even of communism, and that thought is perhaps the greatest deterrent to war in Europe today.

With hope that the world will find a way to avoid war for another year, the hope for democratic institutions increases. We are still neighbors, and a business revival here and in some other democratic countries will eventually affect all the civilized world, just as the depression was world wide. Despite censorship, propaganda and appeals to nationalism, the story of world improvement must penetrate inside the borders of absolute states, and repressed peoples there may be expected to reach for some of the improvement.

Dictators may find the best wisdom in helping their own people to jobs and earnings rather than feeding them to the monster of war. Or are we just naively expressing our own wishful thinking?

(Entire contents copyrighted by Pictorial Publications)



Youthful Homer Martin, president of the U.A.W.A., has a major role in the handling of labor's newest crisis.



Representing Secretary Perkins, James Dewey carries on a campaign for discussions.

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newpicture Weekly



# ACTORS ON THE WORLD STAGE

Eden—England; Hitler—Germany; Mussolini—Italy; Azana—Spain;  
Litvinov—Russia; Ridz-Smigley—Poland; Blum—France;  
Benes—Czechoslovakia.

## "Europa," A Tragi-Comedy

TIME: 1937. Place: The Continent.

As the curtain rises there is sound of distant cannon, the explosion of bombs, the whine of airplane motors. Cries of "Those colonies are mine," "This Committee is simply a smoke screen," "I protest! I protest!" are hurled from the darkened stage. As the lights come on the leading actors of the drama are seen in their places. The audience is involved in the action and the director should utilize every possible opportunity to make them aware of it. Nothing is certain about the climax of the play. It is possible that at any moment the actors may change roles, the plot be discontinued, the audience invade the footlights, and a new play begun. However, at this moment, all the characters are frozen into characteristic gestures. A move by any one of them starts the melodrama on its way.





Photos by Wide World

The new-fangled type of strike is put to use as Detroit automobile workers swing into strike action by sitting down on the job and quietly occupying their factory, which their families must visit if they want to see anything of the striking men.



The strategy of the sit-down requires that it happen quickly, but this makes food a serious problem to strikers.

## Strikers Sit Down, Stay In, Lie Down

NOTHING new under the sun? Labor leaders don't think so these days. For the latest wrinkle in the trade union game, sit-down strikes, originated only a couple of years ago in its newest form. Today it is a fairly safe bet that any strike of workers in a factory or other building will take the form of a sit-down.

What stream-lining is to the automobile industry or technicolor is to the movies, sit-down strikes are to the labor field. They are a new weapon. The old form of strike, where workers merely picketed the entrance of their plant and did what they could from the outside to keep it closed down, soon may become entirely outmoded.

Labor's new weapon undoubtedly originated somewhere, but its exact origin is uncertain. A couple of decades ago, when the I. W. W. and its "Wobblies" were a dominant force, they had a technique similar to the sit-down.

By tacit mutual agreement, workers would stay on the job but work more and more slowly, until their output was as little as possible. With hundreds of workers doing it, this would be a serious blow to production. But it was more sabotage than strike.

The modern method probably started in 1933, Louis Adamic, the novelist, suggests in a recent survey. Just before the beginning of a baseball game between workers in two Akron, Ohio, rubber plants, the players refused to start the game and sat down on the diamond until a non-union man was ousted as umpire. Then, when a dispute with a foreman arose a few days later, a group of workers stopped production and threw the whole plant out of gear. This began the idea.

The next year European miners took it up, occupying the mines and refusing to leave until their conditions were met. When Leon Blum became Premier of





These Michigan auto workers seem to find the sit-down a pleasant way of striking, but it's a serious matter, for employers are bound to find means of dealing with it.

In a baseball game, workers first found the new weapon of "passive resistance" which has since spread to Europe and to every industry.

France, he was greeted with the wave of sit-down strikes which has become famous. Now the idea has returned to America, and P.W.A. and automobile workers are among those wielding the new weapon.

But it's not all as simple as it seems. There is a sit-down, and there is a stay-in. The first is when the workers simply seat themselves near their machines, occupying the employer's premises, and refuse to work until their demands are met. But if they stay on the premises in this manner after the regular work-day is over, the sit-down becomes a stay-in.

There are further developments. "Lie-down" strikes have been carried through. Shipyard and hosiery workers have learned that by stretching out in large numbers on streets around a plant, all traffic going in and coming out can be stopped dead.

Or, if there are not enough strikers to cover all near-by streets, there are still enough to cover entrances to the plant. It is a new way to keep strike-breakers from breaking the strike.

The spread of the sit-down technique among American workers, ranging from navy shipyard builders to automobile factory workers, indicates that the idea has seized a popular hold on the working-class imagination. The novelty of the tactic caught the employers unprepared. It is one thing to hammer pickets outside a plant where nothing but public property can be damaged, but another to try the same thing inside a shop where private and expensive machinery can be wrecked along with the strike. Whether the employers have recovered sufficiently to dig out new methods of dealing with the sit-down, stay-in, or lie-down remains to be seen.



Another of the new labor tactics is the lie-down strike, which blocks traffic around the factory and is effective because strike-breakers can't easily walk on human bodies.



The sit-down extends beyond the plant itself, for soup kitchens are needed, families require relief, and, usually, picket lines must be maintained on the outside.



The sit-down had its first big wave of popularity in France, and here is a sample of the French version.

# U. S. Remembers Forgotten Farmers



All photos by Lange

Pre-school children of migrant cotton pickers are kept under the supervision of teachers in a nursery school at the Kern Camp while their mothers are out working in the fields. While the equipment is not elaborate, the school is a great boon to working mothers.





Company housing for Mexican cotton pickers, showing San Joaquin Valley beyond. South of Corcoran, California. The houses have walls and roofs, but no sanitary facilities, no electricity, no medical service.

## Help for Those Who

Underpaid, overworked, deprived of justice and opportunity, the migratory fruit-pickers of the California Valleys at last find a friend in the

**W**HILE a few thousand American citizens provide inspiration for vaudeville and comic strip jokesters by traveling around the country in more or less luxurious automobile trailers, another and much larger group moves tragically

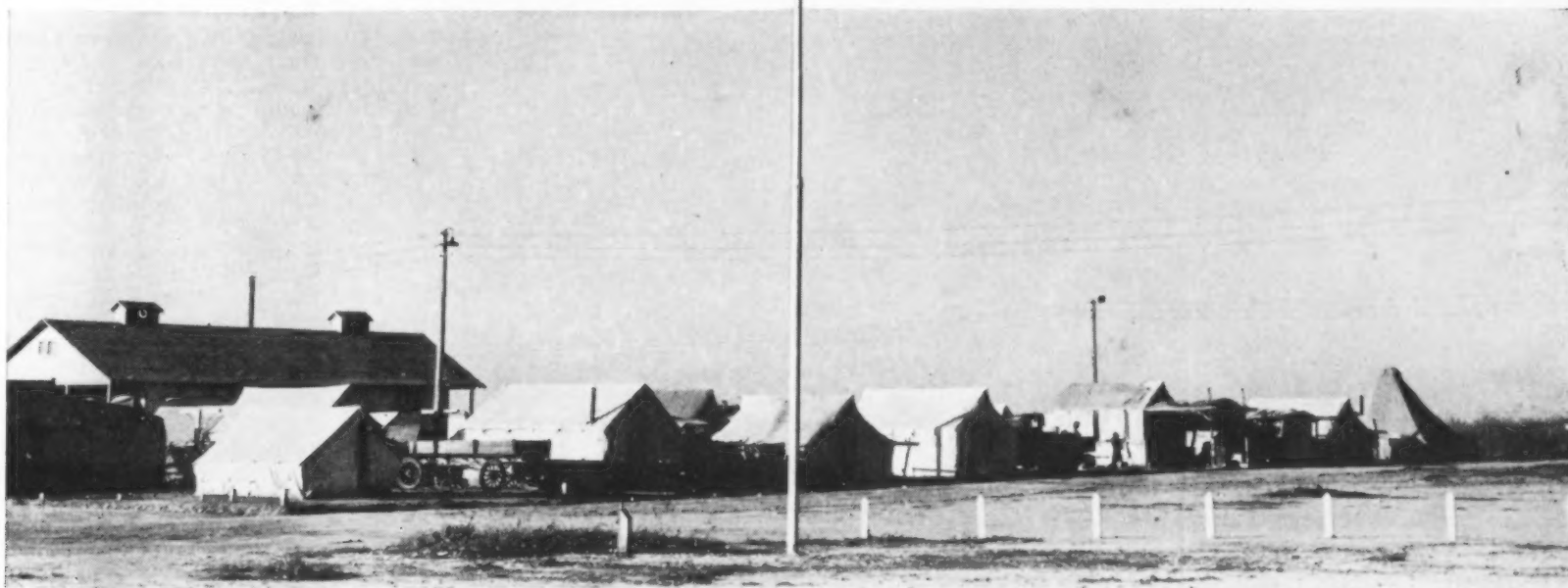
through the fragrant fruit groves of the rich California valleys—one of the most fertile agricultural regions in the world. Among the scores of blatant economic paradoxes which the American scene affords, none is more bitter than

## Follow the Crops

Resettlement Administration. Permanent government camps, housing two hundred families each, will eliminate crowded, unhealthy “jungles”.

this poverty in the midst of plenty on the Pacific coast. The migrant pickers have had their historians and biographers, and their champions as well—as witness Upton Sinclair and his End Poverty In California movement—but somehow it has

not been possible so far for anyone to devise a solution to the problem. While Californians resent the fact that a large number of its inhabitants do not properly enjoy the attractions of the Wonder State few people have much knowledge



General view of Kern Migrant Camp, California. Built by the Resettlement Administration, the colony will house 200 families, and will provide all the essential services of a permanent community.



**Ambition:** "To get settled down somewhere in Kern County where they can pick cotton and send children to school." Not "reds" or "trouble-makers" these, but "sober, hard-working, self-respecting, and deeply religious" citizens.



**Home of Tennessee family of seven now migrating workers, arrived in California July, 1935, following relative who had come in 1933. Father was a coal miner in Tennessee. Life in the Golden State doesn't appear to be as inviting as it does in the publicity pictures.**

of the situation, or much sympathy with the workers. The subject generally is taboo, like the San Francisco earthquake.

Several hundred thousand strong, the migratory workers of the Pacific coast states follow the crops not in trailers, or even day coaches, but in trucks, ramshackle old cars, on foot, and on the freight rods. Since the widely diversified crops of the West ripen at different times, the pickers move from section to section, harvesting in turn olives, lettuce, oranges, cherries, and peaches. Each of these crops must be gathered quickly, when the time comes, and under favorable conditions. Lettuce, for example, spoils in a few hours if a warm rain occurs at picking time, while a snap of freezing weather will instantly blight an orange grove. Furthermore, fruit ranchers require great care in the packing of their produce. If so much as one bruised orange finds its way into a crate the overseer rejects it, and the picker gets nothing.

Even for flawless boxes the picker gets little enough. In spite of the fact that growers demand speed, skill, and dependability from the pickers, they are unwilling to pay adequately for these qualities. It is generally recognized that the California fruit regions are the scene of labor exploitation which can only be compared to that of the southern tenant farmers. Unorganized, rootless, largely illiterate, without friends or property, the migratory workers are held in virtual slavery by powerful associations of fruit growers, which control the law enforcement agencies, and a large section of public opinion. When strikes occur they are put down ruthlessly, with a fine Hitlerian disregard for civil liberties and human rights. It has been said with reason that a state of incipient fascism exists at all times in the fruit valleys, and that the merest of "emergencies"—i. e., labor trouble—is enough to bring it to full flower.

Following the immemorial precedents of fascism, the fruit pickers who dare to strike, or even request a pay increase, are at once branded "reds," and "trouble-makers," and the impression is given to the public that they are bent on revolution. Frequently the propaganda reaches such absurd proportions that it defeats itself. In a recent strike, for example, overzealous vigilantes noticed that roads around the trouble area were dotted with small red flags. The conclusion was inescapable that at a pre-arranged signal the strikers meant to seize the flags and carry them in a communist demonstration, so the conscientious storm troopers carefully removed them from the roads and tore them to bits. The California Highway Department was the victim in this maneuver, for state traffic inspectors had spent



several days placing the flags at precise intervals to serve as markers in a survey they were making.

Even worse than the social and economic status of the migratory workers are their living conditions. Although they return to the same communities year after year, no provision is made by growers or local authorities for suitable quarters, and the pickers' custom has been to "jungle up" anywhere they can park their cars and pitch their tents. For weeks at a time they sleep on the ground or on car seats, eating out of tin cans, and getting along as best they can without sanitary or washing facilities. Disease spreads rapidly in the jungles, and frequently engulfs adjacent communities. While Californians deplore the existence of these pest-spots, no attempt has been made up to the present to correct the situation.

If it had not been for the much-maligned Resettlement Ad-



**Grandmother of 22 grandchildren. From a farm in Oklahoma to a migrant camp in California. Kern Migrant Camp.**

ministration, in fact, the chances are that the jungles would remain just as characteristic of the California scene as bathing

beauties. Now this New Deal agency has erected two 200-family camps on the route of migration, and is constructing eight

others. Each will have water supply, laundry facilities, a community kitchen, playgrounds, a garbage dump, a medical center, and electricity. The Resettlement Administration will make no effort to have these camps pay for themselves; they are considered purely as an investment in human welfare.

While there are a large number of Mexicans among the migrant pickers, the majority are former farm owners who have been evicted by drought, dust, or bankers; tenant farmers who have jumped from the frying pan to the fire; and a few city workers. In spite of the hardships of their way of life, and the injustices which they must endure, Resettlement Administration officials say that they are "... sober, hard-working, self-respecting, and deeply religious. In the midst of deplorable circumstances they are showing more patience and fair play than we should be apt to do."



**Oklahoma mother of five children, now picking cotton in California near Fresno. She finds things little better than they were in the share-cropper region of her own state.**

# A Dream Ship Puts to Sea

The author's first voyage on the Annapooranyamal assures him that when she is converted into a yacht she will be the most beautiful ship afloat

By William Albert Robinson

THE return to Ceylon from India was one of those trips that never end. My dream ship lay tugging at her anchor up there in the Strait north of Ceylon, waiting. But the train finally crawled to a stop and we got off weary and dirty at Jaffna early one Sunday morning.

Jaffna is the nearest rail station to Kaits, and headquarters of the owners of the brig. A subtle change had taken place in both Jaffna and Kaits since my previous visit. Formerly I had been treated with suspicion and coldness. But during my absence the natives had been reading about the voyages of the *Svaap* in the books I had given them. The few who could read English passed on the story to those who couldn't. The feeling for the sea that was inherent in these people had been aroused. They felt that I was a kindred soul and the bars were let down. Excitement seethed in the towns of Jaffna and Kaits and Valvediturai, where the crew of the brig lived. Was it true that the schooner (they call the square riggers schooners here) was going to become a yacht? Was it true that she was going to sail all the way to America? Was I really going to take a local crew on the voyage? . . .

The excitement that prevailed allowed me to step up the tempo of the East. I hurried through the red tape of the purchase in twenty-four hours, unbelievable if you know the ways of the East. The bullock carts with their merry tinkling bells creaked rhythmically on their ponderous way as usual, but everything I touched was speeded up. The competent Hindu merchant Duraisamy, who had become my agent and interpreter in Jaffna, and who had arranged the purchase of the brig, got everything moving quickly. While the regular crew of the vessel were being rounded up in Valvediturai, another gang was in Kaits pouring tons of sand into her for ballast. Another group got her rigged and bent on her sails.

Meanwhile the final papers were drawn up and signed, and actual cash in the form of bales of small notes of one, two, five and ten rupee value changed hands. Checks are not used up there, and all transactions, no matter how large, are carried out in cash. The former owner of the ship went away in a car with thousands of loose notes wrapped up carelessly in old

newspapers, and tossed carelessly in the bottom of the car. Each business keeps all its money in its own safe in the office.

Finally, accompanied by an ever-increasing retinue of followers who babbled in an incomprehensible babble of Singhalese, Tamil, and Hindustani, we bought the stores for the voyage in the pungent-smelling bazaars of Jaffna.

Late afternoon Monday, November 16th, everything was finished. Dripping from the heat of the day we waved goodbye to Jaffna and the cavalcade set out for Kaits, crowded into groaning ancient cars with the supplies.

As the sun was setting over

Palk Strait, I went aboard my ship for the first time since she had become mine, accompanied by practically the entire population of little Kaits. A crew of about fifty volunteers heaved on the halyards and swarmed into the rigging to release the sails. The yards creaked aloft and canvas shook out its creases. Link by link the heavy anchor chain came aboard while the men chanted in chorus as they strained against the old-fashioned capstan bars.

Slowly she swung out into the channel, gathering way, heeling slightly from the pressure of the light evening breeze. The small flotilla that surrounded us dropped astern and faded into

the gathering darkness. A last farewell shout came faintly: "Salaam, Sahib, Salaam."

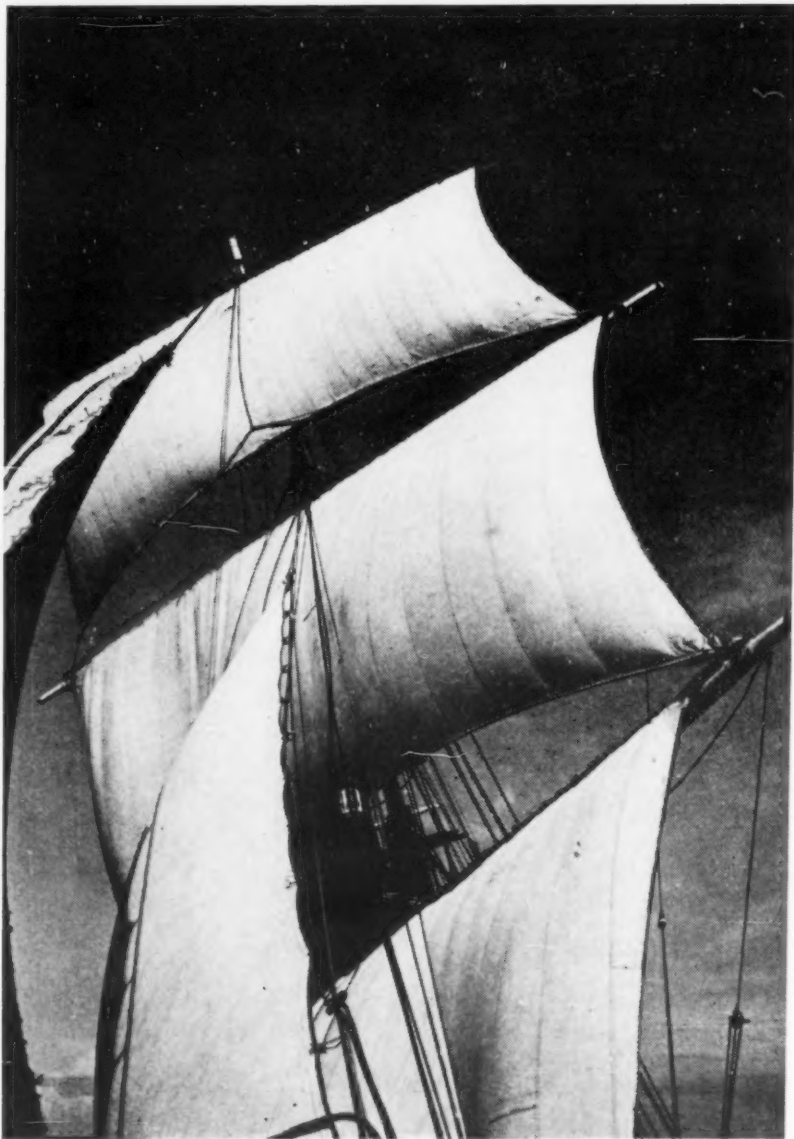
New Bedford in the old days must have witnessed many scenes almost exactly like it, without the Oriental touch. The tenseness of excitement. The eager crowd of well wishers. The last-minute supplies being hoisted aboard. The weeping wives and relatives. . . . But there was something much more dramatic about this. The crew, those of them that I would finally keep with me for the real voyage, were leaving the world they knew for something as remote as the moon. To America! That fabulous land of legend where everyone had millions of rupees and the buildings floated in the clouds. To America—on the other side of the earth!

For years the little fleet of square riggers here had sailed back and forth among the islands and up the Indian coast, a small, cramped existence unfitting for ships whose direct ancestors had sailed the seaways of the whole world unafraid. For these are almost exact replicas of the fine ships of old whose lines had been copied when sail was in its prime and perpetuated by the local shipwrights while forgotten almost everywhere else. Now one of them was to sail beyond the horizon again following the sea lanes of the olden days.

It was only three hundred miles to Colombo by the Pamban Channel route between India and Ceylon. But I was very much worried about getting the ship safely through. On both sides of Adams Bridge were tricky shoal channels. At Pamban we had to pass through a narrow artificial cut, and sail through the lift bridge that carries the railroad to the ferry landing. The currents here were notoriously bad and there was no tug or assistance of any sort to help us through. Sailing a square rigger without power through a narrow lift bridge among swift currents is no laughing matter. Although the natives make this passage regularly and seem to keep out of trouble, I was almost a nervous wreck until we finally left Pamban behind and had the open sea before us.

Arriving at the bridge the morning after leaving Kaits we took on a local pilot. A lucky quartering wind made it possible to go right through. It is

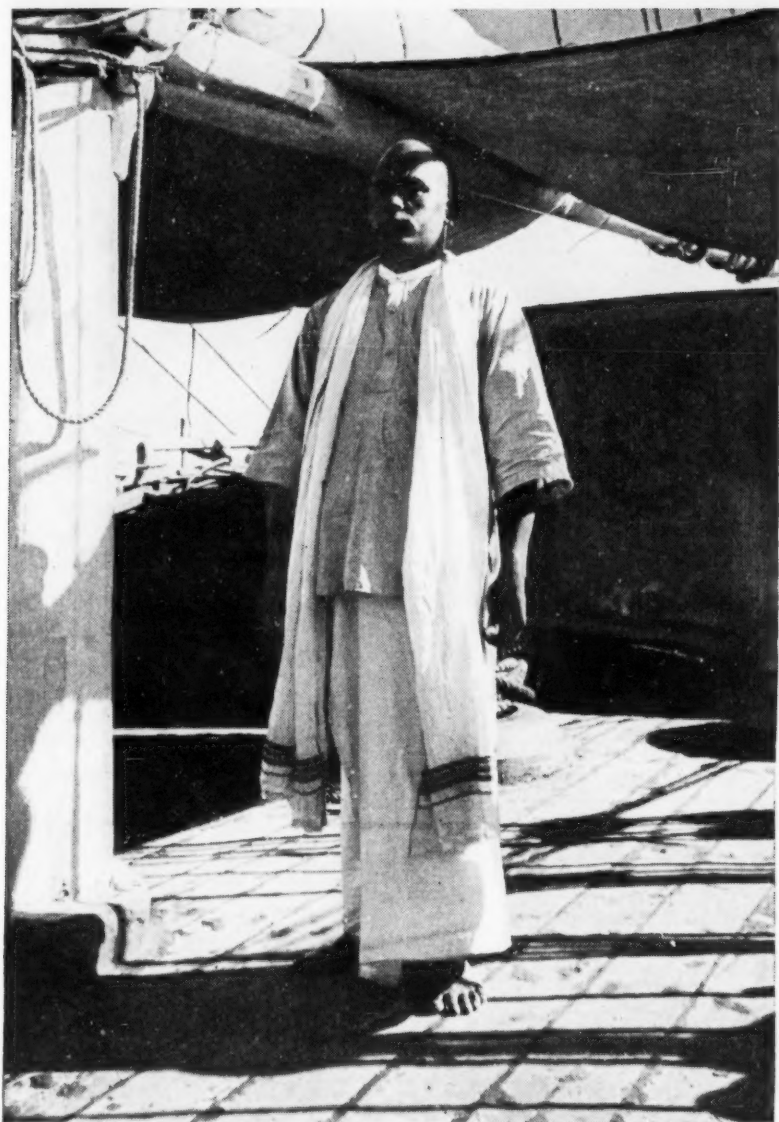
(Continued on page 28)



(All photos by the author)

Square sails of the dream ship.





The captain of the native crew of the Annapooranyamal stands majestically on her teakwood deck.



The first mate takes over the wheel on the dream ship's quarter-deck and begins the voyage.



Members of the crew wear their Sunday clothes when the first port is reached. Shoes are not included in their wardrobe.  
January 13, 1937

*"On with the Dance! let joy be  
unconfined!  
No sleep till morn, when youth and  
pleasure meet,  
To chase the glowing hours with flying  
feet."*  
—Byron



Exotic and barbarous splendor marks the pulsating dances of the troupe of the "Indian Dancing God."

## Old India and New America Dance in Contrast

Coming recitals will portray vivid contrast between Oriental dance and modern American group efforts.

**I**N ancient days, when most phases of life were from necessity utilitarian, the dance originated as a crude symbolism.

In its modern development, it continues to supply not merely pleasure and entertainment, but expression of ideas and emotions.

Nevertheless, the combination of acting with dancing has undergone profound changes with the years. This evolution is vividly illustrated by the contrast between the two most important recitals scheduled for American audiences in the immediate future.

All of the ancient symbolism of an ancient land is expressed in the work of Uday Shan-Kar, who

"He possesses the most beautiful body of any male dancer I have ever seen," is what Pavlova said of Uday Shan-Kar, when he was the partner of the great dancer.





Photo by Bouchard

**Expressive in every muscle of their tense bodies, this group from the Doris Humphrey-Charles Weidman ensemble portrays symbolism in the dance as it is today, brought up-to-date with modern themes and social content.**

has been called the "Dancing God of India." With a troupe of fifteen dancers, and musicians who play more than a hundred different kinds of instruments, he will depict the exoticism of the East for New Yorkers at the Majestic Theatre during this month. Possibly, very few in his audience will understand the full significance of his symbolism, for it is in the tradition of India.

On a distinctly different level is the completely modernized work of Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman.

Neither subtle nor obscure is their symbolism. Their themes deal with actual, real subjects close to the average layman, ones he has heard about or experienced. These dancers are willing to be dramatic and theatrical to get the idea across, and the idea

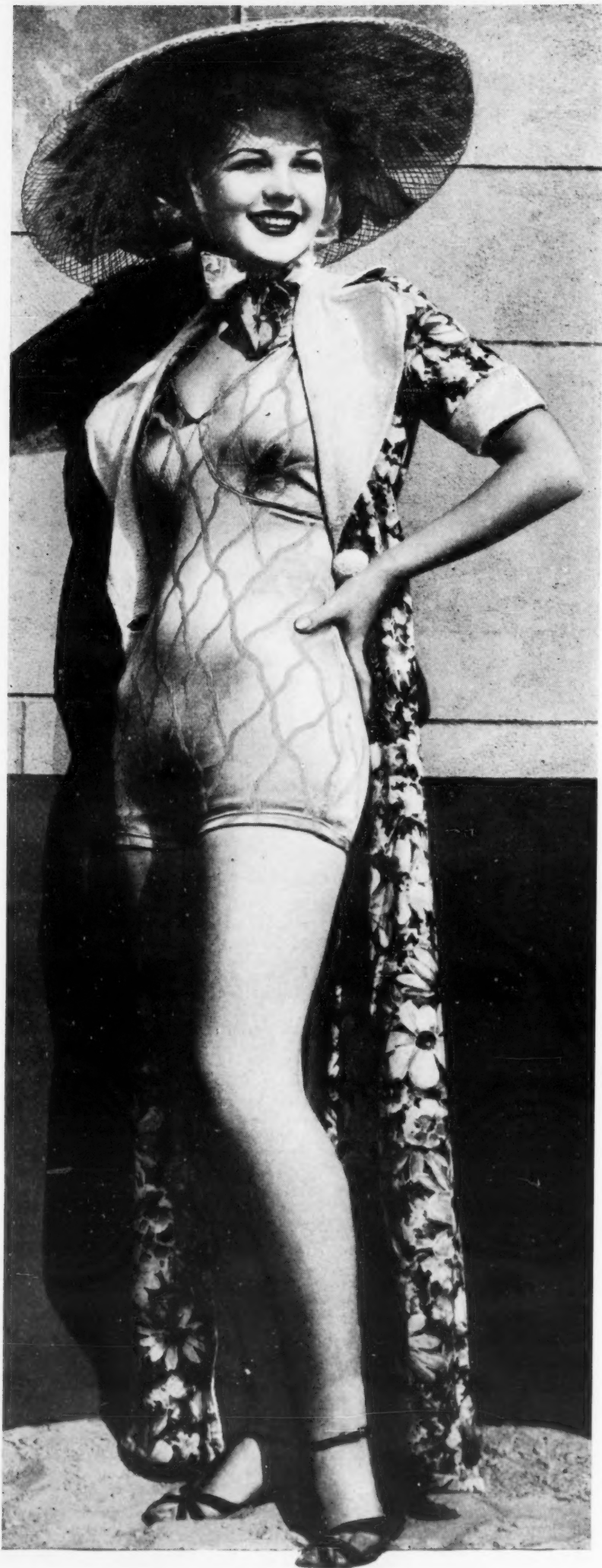
is almost always one familiar to the average man. Perhaps it is this which accounts for the great popularity of their group.

Working out their own choreographies to express the ideas which have revolutionized the modern dance, Miss Humphrey and Mr. Weidman have found in their mode of expressions satisfaction which they failed to find in either the theatre or the dance

alone. Forty-five dancers are needed for their scheduled Hippodrome appearance, which promises to be a near pageant in size and effect. The only dance group in the country to work with both men and women in producing contemporary dance-drama, they have brought the art up-to-date and present the most vivid contrast to the older tradition.

## Coats Are a Revelation

Beach coats serve a double purpose for lovely Jean Rogers, Universal starlet. In the winter sunshine of California, when cold breezes are apt to interrupt her sunbath, she dons one of these coats and it lets in the sun, keeps out the wind, and enhances her figure.



Lastex suit, flowered coat . . .



Or figured suit, plain coat.

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly





Jean Rogers steps gracefully down the beach, with her hat tied under her chin and her dark-colored coat bound in white cotton cording. Her sandals match her suit. (You just know she wears one.)



The sun-hat is simplicity itself—a brim going round and a ribbon going over and under.

THE California sun in winter is just as much in evidence as in summer, but it is less warm. To keep in perfect condition, players fit themselves for the long studio grind by sleep, exercise, and relaxation in the life-giving sunshine. The almost universal costume for a winter sunbath is a short suit, a long coat, and a brimmed hat. This year the most popular beach coats are similar to those displayed warmly on these pages by Jean Rogers. The first one shown is done in flowered cretonne, English-tailored, lined in toweling, with the collar and lapels as well as the cuffs and buttons to match the lining. With this she wears a broad-brimmed hat imported from Honolulu, with a floral pattern put between two layers of loose-meshed straw. The second costume is a coat in dark-colored light-weight wool, with white cotton cording running around all the edges, which she wears with a striped bathing suit to give contrast. Her hat is linen, cut on a simple pattern with a large brim and a ribbon over the top, which is then attached to the brim on both sides and ties under her pretty chin.



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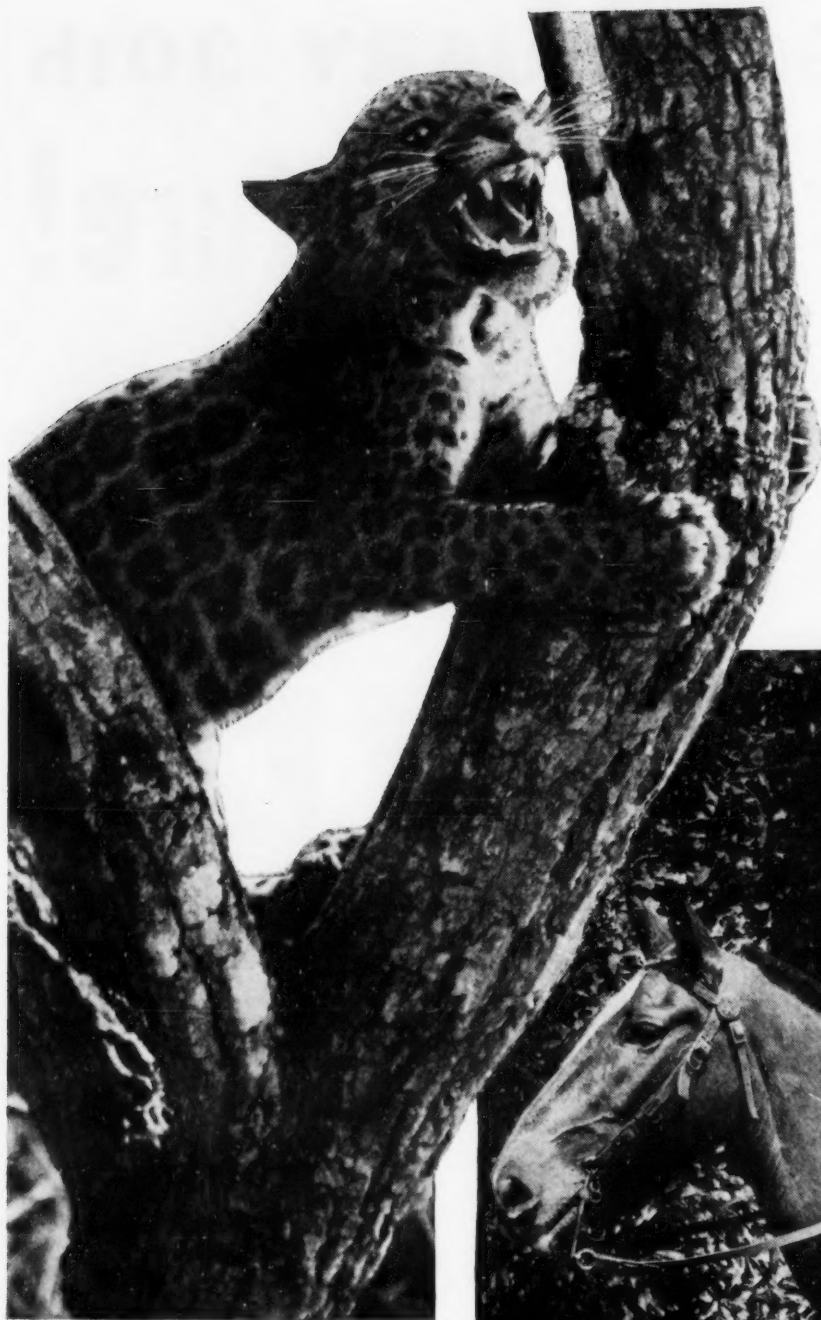
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**This six-months-old leopard cub has been treed by Siemel's dogs, and the end is near.**

**A** RESIDENT of Brazil's deepest jungle since 1909, Alexander Sasha Siemel, Latvian big game hunter, lives alone and likes it. His camp is situated in the jungles of Matto Grosso, which abound in large and small game, including leopards, ocelot, tapir, and the numerous varieties of South American snakes.

Siemel is no ordinary hunter. Although he is a good shot with the rifle and is familiar with the most modern weapons, he remains partial to the spear and bow, with which he hunts the largest and most dangerous game the jungle can offer. No less than thirty Brazilian leopards have fallen before the barbed spears and arrows of this modern hunter who likes primitive methods.

More dangerous than most of the wild animals which are the prey of big-game hunters, the leopard is fast on its feet, crafty,

## High Adventure in Wilds of Brazil

Alexander Sasha Siemel lives alone in the Brazilian jungle, conducts hunting trips and kills leopards with spears. Instead of the modern weapons he knows equally well, he prefers bows and arrows.



**Alexander Sash Siemel and his leopard-killing spear that has thirty "niches" to its credit.**

All photos from Wide World



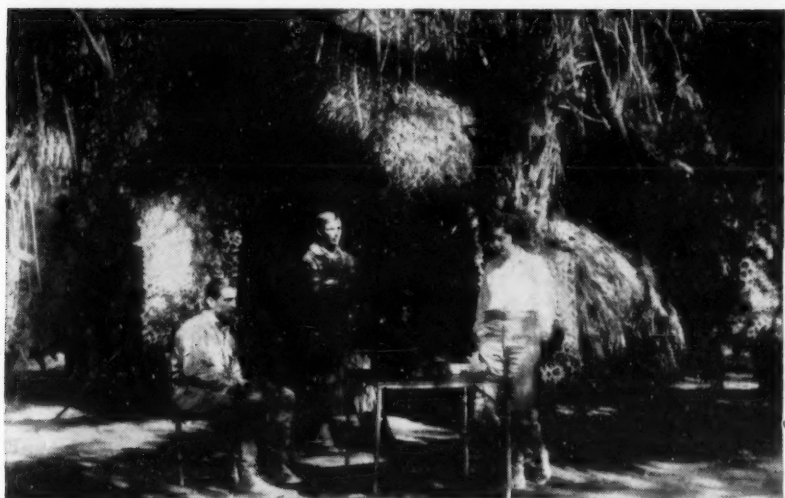
and agile as a trapeze performer. If trapped on the ground, a leopard will spring to a tree top and lie hidden in the branches. Taking advantage of this, some hunters deliberately tree their leopards and then shoot at the branches until they drop down.

The commonest method of trapping a leopard is to suspend a heavy steel net like a canopy between four trees, with a goat or some other attractive bait hanging beneath the net. When the leopard takes the bait a catch is released and the net drops.

Ordinary hunters vary this procedure a little by building a wooden platform in a tree, hanging suitable bait in a clearing down below, and waiting, by moonlight, for a leopard to appear. On dark nights the leopard is practically invisible, but in the moonlight it casts a shadow. Wary hunters aim at



**John F. Jennings, of Chicago, with Mrs. Jennings and Siemel, standing before some of their trophies.**



**Mr. and Mrs. Jennings and Leo Macfadden, Siemel's Brazilian assistant, resting at the jungle camp.**



**A native exhibits two young ostriches captured by members of hunting party.**



**A cervo, largest of the Brazilian deer, photographed by Siemel from a distance of twenty feet.**

the shadow, or, rather, just ahead of it, instead of attempting to cover the animal directly.

It's quite obvious that Herr Siemel gets more excitement, as well as more risks from his style of hunting than do the so-called "sportsmen" who go out with an arsenal of miniature cannons and a small army of native beaters and burden-bearers. The great majority of African big-game hunters have never shot anything more inspiring than elk or deer, before arriving on the veldt. In fact, in most sections of the African hunting

country one finds expert professional hunters who accompany the sportsmen on their forays. The first time an ex-duck hunter meets a lion or rhino face to face he is apt to be pretty nervous, so the hired hunter does most of the actual killing. Sportsman and hunter set out in an automobile for a bit of lion-shooting, and when the sportsman lets go with one of his pieces of light artillery the professional fires simultaneously. However, he is paid for keeping quiet about it, and credit goes to the sportsman.

# The Theatre of the Moment

By George Jean Nathan

THE local stage in the last few years has given us plays either wholly or in part about Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, Edgar Allan Poe, Napoleon, Thomas Chatterton, Henri Gaudier, Sophie Brzeska, Richard Wagner, Emily Dickinson, Abraham Lincoln, Dolly Madison, the Duke of Reichstadt, Dean Swift, George Washington, Noah, Sacco and Vanzetti, Parnell, the Cenci family, Queen Victoria, Joan of Arc, Chester Gillette, Thomas à Kempis, Disraeli, Florence Nightingale, John Wilkes Booth, Christopher Columbus, Carry Nation, Jane Austen, Du Barry, Clare Sheridan, Lucy Borden, Mary Stuart, Queen Elizabeth, John Brown, Richard of Bordeaux, the Scottsboro boys, the Brontë sisters, Cortez, Isadora Duncan, Jed Harris, Richelieu, Joseph and his brethren, Guy Button, Metternich, Lafayette, Major Andre, Johann Strauss, Jr., the Emperor Franz Joseph, the Duchess Marie-Louise, Helen Hunt, Lord Darnley, John Knox, Major Walter Reed, M.C., U.S.A., Major William Crawford Gorgas, Anne of Bohemia, Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, Robert E. Lee, the Archbishop of Rheims, the Dauphin, Gladstone, William Henry O'Shea, God and Frankie and Johnny. The current stage now gives us one about Keats, and plays on Byron, Benedict Arnold, Charlotte Corday, Rudolf and Vetsera, and Marie Bashkirtseff are in the offing. So it seems everybody has been taken care of except Raymond Moley and Jack and Charlie.

The Keats play, divulged at the Lyceum, is called "Aged 26" and is by Anne Crawford Flexner. In addition to Keats, it treats us to a view of Byron (he's in again), Shelley, Severn, John Taylor, Charles Armitage Brown, the critics Gifford and Lockhart, and Fanny Brawne. It also treats us simultaneously to a very obedient, respectful and tedious theatrical evening. Keats, aside from his admirable verse, was a dull young man from any dramatic point of view, and the attempt to constitute him the central figure in a play is accordingly fraught with difficulties even before the author starts sharpening his or her lead pencil. But lady playwrights have an arbitrary way of regarding all poets, even the most humdrum, as ineffably romantic creatures, and Miss Flexner, apparently, is no exception to her

sex. A poet, to a woman writer, is what Mr. Robert Taylor is to an illiterate shopgirl. And so we are again vouchsafed the spectacle of a commonplace human being who happened to be blessed with genius set upon the stage and performing the dull routine of a commonplace human being, and we are again asked to accept him theatrically and dramatically as a figure of moving greatness on the simple dramaturgical score of periodic quotations from his exalted poems. It's no go. When the character isn't quoting his poetry or having it quoted at him by some other character, he is largely the stock figure of grease-paint drama: the young man who fights against odds to get the girl he loves, whose poverty finds the girl's mother hostile to his suit, whose loyal friend does all in his power to bring the lovers together, *etc., etc.* It may be John Keats to Miss Flexner, but it's all just Channing Pollock to me.

Keats, true enough, had a hard time of it in the world. Beside him, the famous Patsy Bolivar was a veritable rabbit's foot for luck. He nursed a sick brother who died at an early age; he contracted tuberculosis from him; he had no money; he had to subsist on the generosity of friends; his guardian swindled him; the powerful critics of his day ridiculed him; his best girl gave him all kinds of difficulty; her own mother tried to lay him—in fact, he had more troubles than the protagonist of "Brother Rat" and almost as many as the protagonist of "Three Men on a Horse." But to make such things stirringly dramatic in a play that aims at any spiritual lift you have to have a hero with at least some faint measure of strength, resolution and intelligence. And Keats, at least as he is projected by Miss Flexner, is a weakling, a whiner and a dolt. Before the play is half over, an audience grows out of patience with him, and the play gradually expires. It is the author's fault alone, for the theatre has laid at her disposal its best resources. As Keats, the young English actor, Robert Harris, gives an excellent performance against his role's heavy odds. And in the other parts Kenneth MacKenna, Matthew Bolton, Leona Powers, Linda Watkins and various other members of the company act their hiltless roles up to the hilt. Stewart Chaney's settings are

with one exception satisfactory and Harry Wagstaff Gribble's direction is commendable. But always there is the play interposing itself. It talks, talks, talks. It quotes, quotes, quotes. It dawdles, dawdles, dawdles. And it avoids active drama as if it were a malignant germ.

"All Editions," by Charles Washburn, author of the amusing tome on the life and times of the celebrated Everleigh sisters, in collaboration with Clyde North, need not detain us. An attempt to brew a swift farce out of the antics of fortissimo press-agency, it amounted to little more than the spectacle of a dozen actors galloping madly hither and thither about the stage for a couple of hours and getting nowhere, particularly in the direction of humor. Mr. Washburn is himself an astute and inventive press-agent for the Messrs. George Abbott and George M. Cohan, but his astuteness and inventiveness failed him when he sat himself down to dramatic composition.

Much of the acting was deplorable. It may be described in general as the kind in which an actor, called upon to suggest that he has been assailed by a great idea, proceeds to indicate the phenomenon by slapping his hand vigorously against his forehead, gazing hysterically at the audience, jumping wildly up and down, and wriggling his anatomy as if someone had inserted itch-powder in his pants.

In certain lofty quarters, a taste for musical shows, however good, is regarded as a sorry reflection upon a critic's mentality, background, predilection as to the nature of liquid refreshments, theology and morals. A genuinely intelligent man, it seems, can have no possible use for such entertainments, a philosophy that left Thomas Hardy, Arthur Bingham Walkley, Anatole France, Georg Brandes and Jim Hunecker in their day out in the cold and that, in our own, must find a lot of Dummkopfs like H. G. Wells, André Gide and Thomas Mann almost freezing to death. An infinitely less important nitwit named Nathan sadly discovers himself in the low company of these fowl. Give him a good, lively, funny musical show and he will let you have all the "In the Bags," "Preludes to Exile," "Stage Doors" and other such dramatic masterpieces that

you want. He might even, at a stretch, throw in a couple of Walter Hampden evenings.

"The Show Is On," on exhibition in the Winter Garden, is the latest affair of the kind to reduce Nathan's eminence in the graver critical circles. He likes it. In fact, he likes it a lot. In double fact, as a matter of fact, the fact is that it often made him laugh like a fool and gave him no end of pleasure. That's the fellow, think of it!, who has the presumption to criticize Gielgud's Hamlet as being little more than Ruth Draper in black tights, who actually says that "Idiot's Delight," that great Pulitzer drama, is a popgun act on the Balaban and Katz circuit, and who writes that such remarkable artists as Emlyn Williams, Eva La Gallienne and George Curzon might be better if they studied acting a little. A Bronx cheer for Nathan, accordingly. Come to think of it, let's make it two.

Just listen to the ass. "The Show Is On," he says, is funny enough to make a horse laugh. He's a horse all right and, as the witty Mr. George S. Kaufman remarked in the witty "First Lady," you don't have to inquire which end of the horse. Beatrice Lillie, he says, is a lulu comedienne and worth a carload of W.P.A. Ibsen actresses, to say nothing of a herd of English musical show comedienness who think they are Beatrice Lillies, and to say nothing, further, of half a dozen eminent serious Broadway actresses who are equally, if somewhat less relevantly and appropriately, funny. Miss Lillie, he says in short, is the berries. Then he boosts Bert Lahr. Not so much, it is to be granted, as he boosts Bobby Clark, Jimmy Durante and some of those other clowns, but he boosts him nevertheless. And he says he likes the dance numbers, and some of the sketches, and some of the scenery and costumes, and even some of the tunes. He says, on the whole, the imbecile, that "The Show Is On" is a worthy show, that it's a heap of amusement, and that he heartily recommends it to his readers. *Mid-Week Pictorial* and all the other magazines he writes for should get rid of him pronto and hire a really intelligent person as critic, says someone like Prof. Arthur Hobson Quinn or Louella Parsons.



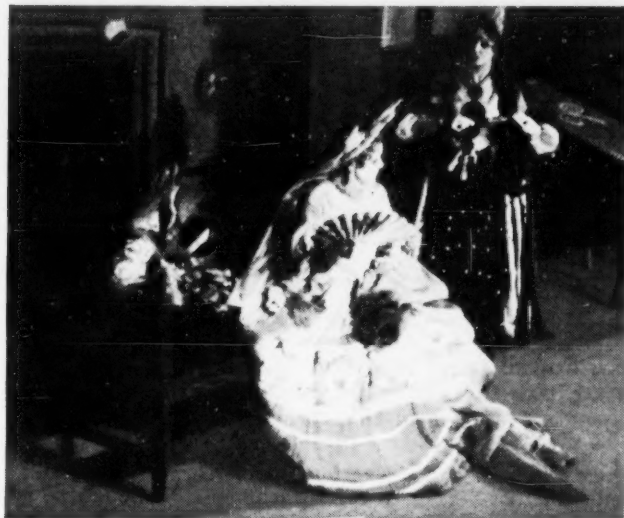
# The Country Wife

263 years after its first performance, William Wycherley's play comes, in its original form, to Broadway, and delights audiences with its frank, unabashed bawdry and the complexities of its quaint seventeenth century plot.

Performance photos by Nelson



Mr. Horner, with a purpose in mind, asks his physician to spread a false rumor of his impotence.



Hearing the rumor, the wives of the town come to Horner's lodgings to confirm it for themselves. Women suddenly become interested in Mr. Horner.



And they find that they can now take liberties which would formerly have been considered improper.



Mr. Pinchwife's spouse is from the country, and he dresses her in boys' clothes to protect her from evil city ways. But she meets Horner . . .



And falls in love with him. When her jealous husband finds out her feelings, he forces her to write a letter forsaking his attentions.



But love finds a way, and while Mr. Pinchwife is occupied with the marriage of his sister to one Sparkish, his country wife sees her lover.



The plot thickens when she is discovered, but a chambermaid lies, saying she knows the doctor's rumor to be true, thereby saving the day and providing a happy ending.

# Movie Stuff and Stuffings

*Beloved Enemy*  
A Samuel Goldwyn Production

WHATEVER power and effectiveness Mr. Goldwyn's heralded drama of the Irish revolts of 1921 possesses, it owes to John Ford's unforgettable film, "The Informer." It was Mr. Ford's direction which seems to have taught H. C. Potter the pacing, the composition, the movements of the scenes which portray the dark, ill-lighted, frightened streets of Dublin under martial law and the prowling menace of armed lorries. But all that those associated with "Beloved Enemy" have cared to learn from Ford's film appears to be the spectacular effects of men blowing themselves up with hand grenades, the drama of house raids in the dead of night, and the melodrama of a colonial revolt. There John Balderson's screen play ends its indebtedness to Liam O'Flaherty's story. From this point begins the plot of "Beloved Enemy," a plot apparently conceived by Mr. Balderson in the innocent belief that he was writing a symbolic tragedy of Ireland and England, and creating a modern chronicle as moving as Romeo and Juliet. For Mr. Balderson's play deals with a conflict between the loyalties of a cause and the loyalties of love. It is Revolution versus Marriage, or which will conquer, bombs or caresses? Love being on the side of peace and home rule for Ireland, as represented in the appealing person of Merle Oberon, as Lady Helen, from London, ultimately convinces Dennis Riordan (Brian Aherne), to accept the compromises of a wily British Cabinet and the pigs and chickens of a Galway farm.

"Beloved Enemy," however, has pretensions towards tragedy. Mr. Aherne does not live to enjoy either the fruits of his compromise, Home Rule, or Lady Helen. He is shot down by a Republican gunman as he cries "Erin Go Bragh" from the seat of his governmental car. And dies—the Lady Helen crying beside him and the last strains in his ears of a dozen choir boys singing a liturgical chant, which, somehow, fails to make clear its connection with Home Rule and Love.

Although we may seem to be harsh with Mr. Goldwyn's revolutionary drama, it is really only an infinite weariness that prompts this criticism, a weariness at seeing the Montague Irish and the Capulet English united in tombs, weariness at seeing the old chestnut of the aristocrat who loves the proletarian used and re-used as a plot for social dramas. Probably Mr. Balderson and Mr. Goldwyn feel virtuous trickles run through them as they watch this film



William Powell takes his nose off the ground long enough to ferret out the fact that Myrna Loy's little sock has something behind it.

they've made in the interests of peace and romance. Such piety should not go unrewarded. But it probably will, since it seems doubtful that the Irish will appreciate Mr. Goldwyn's ambiguous gesture in their behalf, or Mr. Balderson's very English appreciation of the benefits of Home Rule for Erin. As a love story, the only serious competitor of "Beloved Enemy" should be "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

*After the Thin Man*  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Looks like there is going to be a "Thin Man" cycle. Myrna Loy, as cat-faced and icy as ever, and William Powell, as suave, as diplomatic, as detectivish, as drunk as ever, return again to the millions who thought "The Thin Man" tops in sophisticated clue-hunting as the Nick Charles and the Nora Charles. They return with all the old gestures, all the old tricks, all the old gags that W. S. Van Dyke used effectively in the first Dashiell Hammett murder comedy. Mr. Van Dyke, in fact, as well as his producers, have been so pleased with the success of the first film, that "After the Thin Man" shamelessly repeats all the tricks of direction. We counted three murders and ten cocktails for Mr. Powell. There may be more. People are always lying around dead in the Hammett man-hunts in the oddest places. In this one, a corpse pops out of a clothes hamper.

The business about "whodunit" revolves about the murder of Richard Landis, a relative of Mr. Charles. Did Polly, the nightclub blues-singer, do it? Or did Dancer, who owned the Lycee, a chop-suey dive? Or Mrs. Landis, worth a few million and mad about her husband, the rat? Or the Chinaman, Lumb? Or the phoney psychoanalyst? Or maybe Asta, the dog, did it?

Mr. Powell goes about the racket of "whodunit" with his perfect nightclub manner, his monkey-suit, his ubiquitous cocktail, and Myrna. The corpses accumulate. The gags refuse to click. Lights blow out. Mr. Powell is shot at, and unfortunately, missed. Dictaphones are discovered. And again, Mr. Powell gives one of his get-togethers, in which all the suspects are rounded-up. Mr. Powell, of course, confesses he has no idea of the actual murderer, but you can be assured he will queer himself. After he does, we are shown Miss Loy knitting a little baby stocking, the cutest baby stocking. The next Nick Charles film will be entitled "The Son of the Thin Man," to be followed by "The Thin Man in Africa." Poor Charley Chan.

*That Girl From Paris*  
RKO-Radio

What "That Girl From Paris" has is three of the finest comedians in town, playing in one of the whackiest four-piece bands the screen has had. Mischa Auer, as the piano player, Jack Oakie as the drummer, and Frank Banks as the horn-man walk off with the film. There's Lily Pons here, and Lily, sure enough, sings "Un Poce Voce Fa" from the Barber of Seville, and a swing time version of the Blue Danube, and lets herself get battered around for the good of the comedy by the three swing-time boys of McClean's Wildcats, working for Herman Bing, Mr. Bing of the accent and the apoplexy, in Mr. Bing's beer-and-pretzel joint out of town. Lily's a good girl, and she sings, they tell me, very well in opera, and Mr. Sullivan, the commentator, thinks she has a very fine chassis for an opera star considering the opera stars you know, and from what I could see, yes, she has nice legs. I would not say that Lily is exactly a

great comedienne, but on the other hand, there's only Marion Talley, or Gladys Swarthout, or Grace Moore, as alternatives, and what kind of a choice is that?

But if you forget about Lily, and Lily's tendency to open her mouth in automobiles, trains, taxis, hay-wagons and roofs, and do several trills just like that, and while you are at it, forget about Mr. Gene Raymond, who is blond and the romantic lead, and just concentrate on Mr. Oakie, Mr. Auer, Mr. Banks, and Mr. Bing, "That Girl From Paris" guarantees about one of the funniest spells in the theatre. Mr. Oakie is one of our best comics, and Mr. Auer is particularly funny as the Romanoff who plays the music-box for the Wildcats, Mr. Auer, remarking intermitently, "Luff? What is luff? Nottink. Property? What is property? Nottink," with the appropriate shrug. The scene in which Oakie gets in with the choir boys and tries to sing falsetto is almost brilliant. A good time.

*Stowaway*  
Twentieth Century Fox

I understand one movie critic was broken for razzing a Shirley Temple film some time ago. Poor chap—to die in such a cause. Shirley, of course, threatens the home. No family with a ten-year-old around could possibly survive the temptation to send the kid out to dancing school, and singing lessons, in the lustrous ambition of hooking a contract. I imagine more than one father has spent ten nights in a bar and grill, sopping up scotches straight, merely on the basis of the information that little Geraldine has been farmed out to a tap-dancer's studio. And more than one house party has suddenly dampened when Mother said, "Now, darling, show the people how you imitate Shirley Temple imitating Eddie Cantor."

At any rate, "Stowaway" begins with Shirley in China, as little Ching-Ching, the orphan daughter of two dead missionaries, and ends with her reconciling the seemingly irreconcilable Mr. Robert Young and Miss Alice Faye. The title is derived from Shirley's inadvertent presence abroad the liner out of Shanghai. However, before the Christmas tree shows up, and Miss Temple has married off Mr. Young to Miss Faye, everybody's heart in the immediate vicinity has been thoroughly won. The Captain's, the purser's, the judge's, the court's, the audience's, the ushers' and the idiot's next to me, who kept clapping his hands throughout the film, hee-hee-hee-ing until I left.

—ALFRED HAYES



# The Moods of Marguerite

As Marguerite Gautier, the glamorous Lady of the Camillias, Garbo brings her haunting beauty and elusive art to Dumas' everlasting tragedy "Camille"...



But sombre, when her illness recalls how close she is to death.



And pensive, almost shy again, when she is in love with Armand.



Gay, when Marguerite shines at the midnight supper party.



Tall, white, elusive, she holds a nosegay of camillias, awaiting the approach of her lover, Duval.

# Books in Review

## "Hitler Over Russia"

FROM the orderly mass of information assembled by Ernst Henri in his "Hitler Over Russia," there emerges the proof that the civil war in Spain is the index of the forces that are to oppose each other in the coming European War.

M. Henri explains Fascism as the armed force of Capital which has found its growth limited by national boundaries. He shows how the co-operation between Italy and Germany is bound to turn into conflict because of the necessity for the respective group dominating each government to own and control the Austrian Iron Production. Nazi Germany, which he believes to be in reality only Fritz Thyssen's Ruhr industrial Empire, without Austrian iron, must expand elsewhere. The direction must be to the East: the Baltic States, the Soviet Union, the countries of Southeastern Europe.

With this expansion in mind, the German Foreign Office has bent its entire energies to the organization of Nazi movements in the Baltic States and in Southeastern Europe. These Nazi adherents are to be consolidated, after a victorious march by the German army, into a Northeast European and a Southeast European Fascist League, respectively. Of course, the member states would remain independent in name only. In actuality they would be vassals of Germany.

Part of this plan is the revival of the medieval order of Teutonic Knights which held sway over these territories in Feudal times.

M. Henri deduces from this, and other phenomena of the propaganda machinery, that the Germanic form of Fascism is nothing other than a return to pure undisguised Feudalism. The only difference is that this modern version is based on Industrial Capital rather than land capital.

The Nazi plan of campaign is the old so-called Hoffman Plan, the essentials of which are naval action in the Baltic; land march through Poland; march through Austria, Hungary, and Roumania into Ukraine. Correspondingly the German naval building program shows a preponderance of low draft craft, suitable for operation in the shallow Baltic recesses. The land campaign of Hoffman is based on Napoleonic strategy—and, according to M. Henri, is untenable in the face of contemporary facility of communications and transport.

The final three chapters of the book are devoted to examination of the strength and mobility of the Socialist forces, as the author chooses to call the Russian army.

The analysis of its strength leaves little doubt of the outcome of a conflict. M. Henri adds a heretofore unconscious strategic advantage: that of will to win which he names social strategy. He believes that the war will end in the defeat of Fascist forces, and the annihilation of this form of reactionary movement which seeks to re-establish an economic system that was the bridge from tribal communism to contemporary industrial capitalism.

("Hitler Over Russia." Ernst Henri. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.)

\* \* \*

## Post-War World

"CITIES OF REFUGE," Phillip Gibbs' latest novel, tells of the fate of the White Russians after the Revolution. It is a novel of cities rather than of people. But there is plenty of intelligent conversation. It is stimulating to spend 400 pages with Mr. Gibbs.

Some of the characters are actual figures of history—Wrangel, Dollfuss, Starhemberg, Prince George Matchabelli, Hitler, Staviski.

However, it is in the description of places that the author excels. There is Sebastopol crowded to suffocation with refugees, a nightmare city with death encircling it, and the sea behind; Constantinople, city of misery and gaiety—a pesthouse; the English countryside, secure in its tradition—untouched by devastation; Vienna, a city of starvation, with all its children rickety and its young girls fainting in the tram-cars for lack of fats.

Against the tragic, restless post-war background (which covers a good deal of the territory of Walter Duranty's "I Write as I Please") unfolds the romance of a dauntless English girl who had been a governess in the old Russia.

"Cities of Refuge" does for the post-war world what "Europa" did for pre-war Europe.

("Cities of Refuge." Phillip Gibbs. Doubleday Doran. \$2.50.)

\* \* \*

## "The Sound of Running Feet"

JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE, author of "If I Have Four Apples," hears the sound of the running feet of all those who must work for a living becoming more insecure, commencing to falter.

Everyone in the Real Estate office of River, Mead and Luth from the stenographer to the owner was in desperate need of money to keep going. We see in each of their lives the dimming burden of making a living and suppressing nervous

worry with the economic future of the country so insecure.

One of the employees who collected rents found his work increasingly difficult. As he made his rounds he mused: "If you're past forty you think you see the end of your job with no prospect of ever finding another. But if you're in your early twenties you see time slipping past and you losing what skill you've learned, what with no chance to practice it and all. Back of everyone, old and young, is a new crowd growing up, demanding jobs, pushing hard, determined to be served. The generations that are pushing forward, their hands outstretched, what will be waiting for them?"

Miss Lawrence tells her story with humour and gaiety. But she sticks to reality. As "boy gets girl," in his groping mind hums dizzily the worry: How could he make her happy? How could he make enough money for them both?

("Sound of Running Feet." Josephine Lawrence. Stokes. \$2.50.)

\* \* \*

## An Artsakist Speaks

ALBERT GUERARD, in "Art for Art's Sake," thinks he has found the panacea for today. It is to make the center of education not business, nor science—but art; i.e., conscious and disinterested enjoyment in self-expression.

But this is not the theme of his book. To have any such opinion to communicate would be inconsistent with his views on literature for its own sake. No, the book is a brief for the poet of the ivory tower whose songs are made not for money nor propaganda, nor the plaudits of the multitude, but as a venture beyond organized truth, beyond acknowledged virtue, beyond recognized beauty.

Mr. Guerard traces the history of Art For Art's Sake from Antiquity to the present; discusses art for money, prestige, information, morality, propaganda and comes to the conclusion that art for any of these reasons is not art.

But later he finds he must modify this artistic exclusiveness. He retracts this far: "The ivory tower is a melancholy refuge. The artist must work freely among men; and his only hope of escaping servitude is to assume command. So the deeper meaning of Art for Art's Sake is not Rebellion, but Revolution: . . . to change the ultimate standard from 'practical use' to 'beauty'; to establish in all domains the esthetic rule of life."

("Art for Art's Sake," by Albert Guerard. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard. \$3.00.)

## Worth Reading

THIS is the eighteenth year that the best short stories appearing in American magazines have been collected under the title "The O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories." This year they are edited by Harry Hansen, and include such authors as James Gould Cozzens, Sally Benson, Elizabeth Coatesworth, William Faulkner, and Zona Gale.

The stories have a variety of subjects and the styles are all distinguished.

Yet a theme which occurs more than any other is the economic defeat of the young. One of the characters in a story by Virginia Bird called "Havoc Is a Circle" cries at the suggestion of marriage: "Don't you see we'd have to fight and claw, like half-starved street urchins for the things that have been heaped prodigally on other generations?"

From a purely technical point of view here is the art of the short story at its finest.

("O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories." Edited by Harry Hansen. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.)

\* \* \*

FOR anyone who prefers his theatre in his own home, lolling in an arm chair, before a roaring blaze, Doubleday, Doran has printed Noel Coward's nine one-act plays in one volume, entitled "Tonight at 8:30." The plays are about all sorts of people, and situations, in every corner of the world. Considering what pure theatre they are it is astonishing what superb reading they make.

("Tonight at 8:30." Doubleday, Doran. \$2.75.)

"THE STREET OF THE FISHING CAT" by Jolan Foldes (a Hungarian girl) won the International Prize novel competition this year. What an original, tender flavor seeps up to the reader from between the lines of this story. How it differs from naturalistic writers (Joyce or James Farrell) who must go into every detail. The author of this story is more like the poet, only suggesting what the soul may claim.

("The Street of the Fishing Cat." Jolan Foldes. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.)





Jacket-portrait of the man, preaching son of a preacher.

## Blind Angel

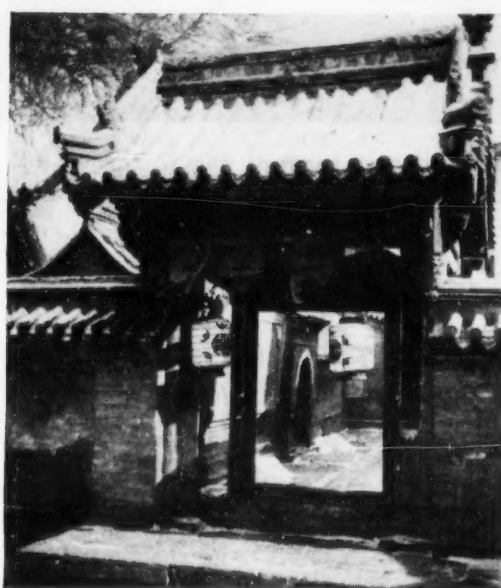
Pearl S. Buck's biography of her father (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.50) brings into relief a character that has appeared in almost all her books, a personality that went with the crushing impetus of utter single-mindedness through years of missionary life, in scenes like these.



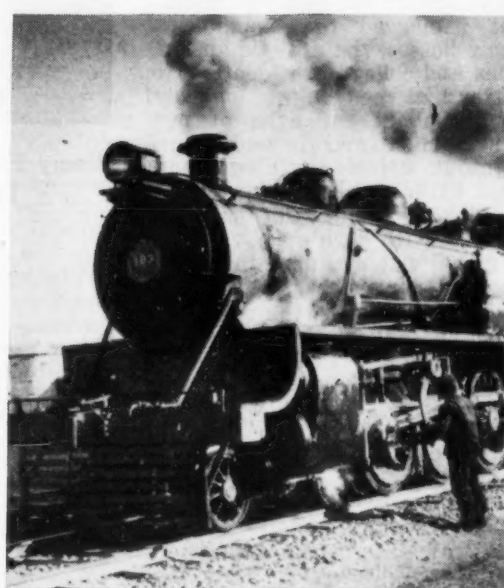
Life portrait of the daughter, sensitive biographer.



He travelled for days on end, and his most luxurious conveyance was a cart, his greatest fear the darkness, not of death but simply of the night.



And his little family — the wife, Carie, and the little brood of delicate children, lived alone most of the time in one shaded house after another.



The "heathen" took his stories of Heaven literally, and boarded the fire-breathing trains hoping to land in paradise rather than at the next station.



He came to the Chinese in response to "the call," that came to him without sentimentality, and tried to Christianize the stoic, broiling "heathen" with the rod of unyielding morality and selflessness. . . .



To their temples he wanted to give the Cross in its purest severity, and he set out to do it with the fearlessness of his pioneer ancestors. . .

# Scanning the Sports World

THE annual anti-climax of the football season took place recently with the meeting in New York of the National Collegiate Athletic Association at which everything about football was deplored except gate receipts. The football coaches and officials also joined hands in providing their own anti-climax and a good time was had by all.

The coaches, who had been raising their lusty voices all season against the forward pass interference rule and its interpretation, got right into the anti-climactic spirit and did exactly nothing about the rule, which was probably just as well. In this action, or lack of action, they followed the example of their bosses, the athletic authorities and college presidents. The latter had been talking long and loudly about the evils of professionalism, and they adjourned without doing anything about that little problem either.

All of which left the score 0 to 0, with both sides claiming a moral victory but with nobody tearing down the goal posts.

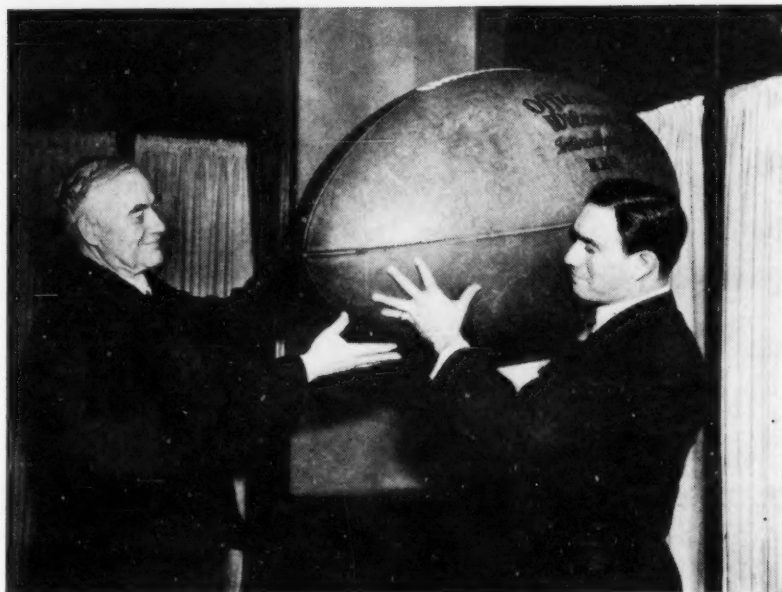
Before closing their convention the college authorities did what every self-respecting convention does. They adopted a report. The report was a good one as far as it went, but like the forward pass that failed, it didn't go far enough.

The report dealt with "Influences Adverse to the Best Interests of Intercollegiate Sport." It started out bravely by taking a crack at recruiting and subsidizing, that double-headed ogre which apparently has a permanent seat on the fifty-yard line. But it slowed down considerably by placing the problem right back into the lap of each college, where it always has been, and, worse luck, where it probably always will remain.

One must admit that the committee which made the report had a tough subject to play around with in the recruiting of football players. It couldn't come right out and charge any one college with going out and getting them and it didn't have the authority to enforce its recommendations. It put its recommendations in strong words and urged each college to clean its own house.

And now, Johnny, will each college immediately stop its recruiting and subsidizing? What? The answer is "No"? Johnny, you're getting smarter every day.

The report then hauled off and opposed all post season games, including all so-called "bowl games." Anyone who has the interest of college football at heart, and there are lots of us, should rise and give a long cheer for this section of the report.



Benny Friedman, expert forward passer, throws a short one to Fielding Yost at the football coaches' meeting.

The country has become cluttered up with these silly "bowl games," which don't prove anything except that the Chambers of Commerce of Pasadena, New Orleans, etc., are wide-awake organizations. They are increasing each year to such an extent that their promoters are in danger of running out of fruits and flowers with which to name them. They only serve to give a circus atmosphere to a swell sport which would get along much better without it.

Back to the report:

"The committee opposes the playing of amateur-professional football games such as have developed in the last few years."

The principle of that section is laudable as far as it regards strictly college teams playing pro teams. We don't see any harm, though, in the All-Star games of last September. The All-Stars are practically professionals themselves, having graduated from college the previous spring. Many of them, in fact, are waiting for the final whistle of the game to start their pro careers, perhaps with the pro team the All-Stars are playing. That's what Tuffy Leemans did in September. He signed with the Giants after they defeated him and the other stars, and has been doing pretty well ever since, if anyone should ask you.

Incidentally, in discussing the professional question, the committee dropped a few remarks which, if you have read this far, may lead us into some interesting channels.

"We have no quarrel with professional football," the report says, "but at the same time we believe that intercollegiate football should be entirely divorced

from it and should have no part with it. . . ."

You have no quarrel with pro football now, boys, but you will have in a few years if the present trend continues. Pro football has wisely refrained from direct competition with the college game, but some day one of those smart pro team owners like George Marshall is going to schedule some Saturday games, and the fun will begin.

Indeed, in the increasing popularity of the professional game may lie the solution to all of the problems of the amateurs. It will be a good thing for college football if the pros take a good slice of its customers away. The game will be de-emphasized in a sane and natural manner then. It will retain its old friends, its alumni and its share of the public which has "adopted" various colleges for alma maters. College football then will stop being a national spectacle and assume its rightful position as a major college sport, played for and by college students.

After disposing of the professional question, the committee did some plain and fancy viewing with alarm. First, it viewed gambling with alarm, then it deplored the tendency of coaches to take part in commercial broadcasts, then it lifted its eyebrows in horror at the ancient rite of drinking at games, and then it deplored some mysterious "outside influences" which are trying to grasp control of college sports.

In regretting the increase of gambling on football games, the committee merely was following the style of the day. Whoever started the talk of gambling last season should receive credit for

at least bringing up something new and different in football evils. It's true, and it's too bad, that the game has become the means of thousands of dollars changing hands every Saturday, but what can the athletic authorities do about it? If they can't solve their problems right at home, they certainly can't change human nature and stop the gambling. The fear that has been expressed about the big-time gamblers fixing college games seems greatly exaggerated and not worth the worry which is being given to it. If college presidents fear that some of their football players might succumb to the lure of gamblers' gold, then it's about time they got a different type of player on their teams.

Like most reports, this one accomplished nothing tangible, but it is possible that some good might come out of it yet. Even if it makes some of the more flagrant violators of the football code of ethics slightly conscious stricken, it will have justified its formulation and adoption. It is too much to hope for that the authorities of every college in the land will take the report to heart, although that would be a good idea.

While the football season was being buried, the basketball season was moving into its more exciting stages. The game this year is drawing larger crowds and attracting more interest than was expected by its most optimistic supporters. When basketball was moved into spacious arenas, its popularity was assured, and even such places as Madison Square Garden and the Philadelphia Arena are too small to accommodate the growing crowds of basketball fans.

Eastern fans are still walking around talking to themselves about the great Stanford team which invaded their section and left a path of destruction behind it. Stanford's defeat of Long Island University was a bitter pill for New York followers of the sport, who thought that if ever there were an invincible team, L. I. U. was it.

Stanford's trip to the East was a happy event in one respect, because it afforded basketball fans there a look at the great Hank Luisetti, the towering Indian forward. Good basketball players are no rarity in the East, but Luisetti was a revelation to the crowds in Philadelphia, New York and Buffalo. He showed them something new in speed and accuracy, and his timing and casual style of play are favorite topics of discussion in Eastern basketball circles.

—DONALD REYNOLDS





Amateurs with impending degrees are sought by Jack Oakie to swell the radio tide.

For Radio Fans Only—

## Talent from the Colleges

Jack Oakie tours the campuses for talent, and Lanny Ross's was a voted success.

UNTIL now radio has been satisfied with just ordinary run of the mill amateurs but it remained for Jack Oakie to bring to the microphone a group of amateurs with imminent college degrees. Which is another way of saying that Jack Oakie on his first program of his new series which replaced the Rupert Hughes Tuesday night CBS show enlisted the services of the Wesleyan College glee club and several of its instrumentalists.

And this, Mr. Oakie assures us, will be a regular weekly feature bringing talent from divers college campuses—or is it campi?—to the microphone.

For which shout huzza, for the Wesleyan group offered a definite contribution to the evening's festivities.

Unlike the movies which—if Winchell is to be believed—has established a new nadir for illiteracy, radio is teeming with college graduates.

Ozzie Nelson played in the Rutgers band. Hal Kemp, at the University of North Carolina, was maestro of "The North Carolinians." Fred Waring paid his way through Penn State with the Pep Boys. Gus Haenschen of The American Album broadcasts was a music bigshot at Washington U in St. Louis.

Then too Walter O'Keefe began his cutups at Notre Dame. Red Nichols had his own band at Culver. Horace Heidt carried on at the University of California. Art Jarrett matriculated at Fordham and Buddy Rogers at the University of Kansas. Lanny Ross was leader of the Yale Glee Club during his tenure at Eli.

In the course of the above research, we became quite intrigued with the story of Lanny Ross and his radio career.

Lanny Ross—it was Lancelot until he was old enough to do something about it—is that rare anomaly—the boy who was chosen "most likely to succeed" in the class year book and did.

Music has always been Ross's stepping stone. Because of his talent for singing he won a scholarship to the Taft School where he became leader of the glee club—after which Taft won for the first time the Intercollegiate Glee Club contest.

In 1924, he won the Yale Club's scholarship for undergraduates, and entered Yale University where he immediately joined the Glee Club. In 1928 he was appointed leader.

Besides touring a great part of this country with the Glee Club, Lanny led the Yale cohorts in concerts in Bermuda and Nassau. In 1928, the singers, featuring him as soloist, toured thirteen foreign countries.

His first experience with radio came in May, 1928, while he was still a student at Yale. A member of the "Jeddo Highlanders," a quartette composed of members of the Glee Club, he debuted at the old NBC studios. This was shortlived however when it became practically impossible to commute between New Haven and New York—where the studios were located—and still attend to studies.

In the fall of '28 Ross entered Columbia Law school and turned to radio as a means of earning his tuition fees and contributing to his living. Bertha

Brainard, NBC executive, remembered him from the "Jeddo Highlanders" and gave him a job on a sustaining broadcast.

Sustaining broadcast then as now provided but little emolument as compared to commercials. So Ross approached Raymond Knight, then a production man for NBC, for a spot on a commercial. Knight said he was sorry, he had no need for a singer but if Ross could play a guitar he had a spot open on a program the following week. Lanny assured him that he was an old hand on a guitar and dashed around the corner to a music shop where he bought a second hand guitar. From the book of instructions he learned the accompaniment to a song which used only three chords.

He played for Knight who was taken in and placed him on the program. Once signed, he convinced the sponsor that he could really sing and his hoax was forgiven.

His first regularly sponsored program was in 1929 when he was known as the Troubadour of the Moon. This was a worse name than Lancelot so he got another commercial for a mayonnaise company.

In 1931 he was contracted by his present sponsor for his Showboat appearances, commencing with their tri-weekly fifteen minute spots which were the forerunners of the present full hour show.

In 1935 he signed one of the most unusual contracts in radio.

Establishing a new radio record it engages his microphone services for two years.

Lanny's extramusical curricula included athletics. In his freshman year, he joined the track squad and proceeded to establish himself as a worthy quarter-miler.

In New York, in February, 1927, Ross won the National A.A.U. championship in the 300 yard event, beating such men as McDonald of Penn and Jackson Scholz. The following year he retained his championship. He held the intercollegiate 440 championship for Yale in '27 and '28. His best time in the quarter was 48 and 2-5 seconds.

During his four years at Yale, he was never beaten in a race by a Princeton man and only twice did a Harvard man get to the tape ahead of him.

In 1927, he journeyed to England with Eli's track team which conquered the Oxford and Cambridge cinder squads.

Unable to join the Olympic squad in 1928 because of a European tour with the Glee Club, he was elected an honorary member.

Among his clubs at Yale are the Yale Club, the Order of Whiffenpoofs and Zeta Psi. At Columbia, he was a member of the Kent Court.

Which adds up another point of interest in Lanny Ross for the Whiffenpoofs, it has been announced, have been engaged for a radio appearance under Magister Oakie's sponsorship.



Lanny Ross paid his way through Yale with his voice and still has the same silver chords.

# IT'S IN THE NEWS!

by ERIC GODAL



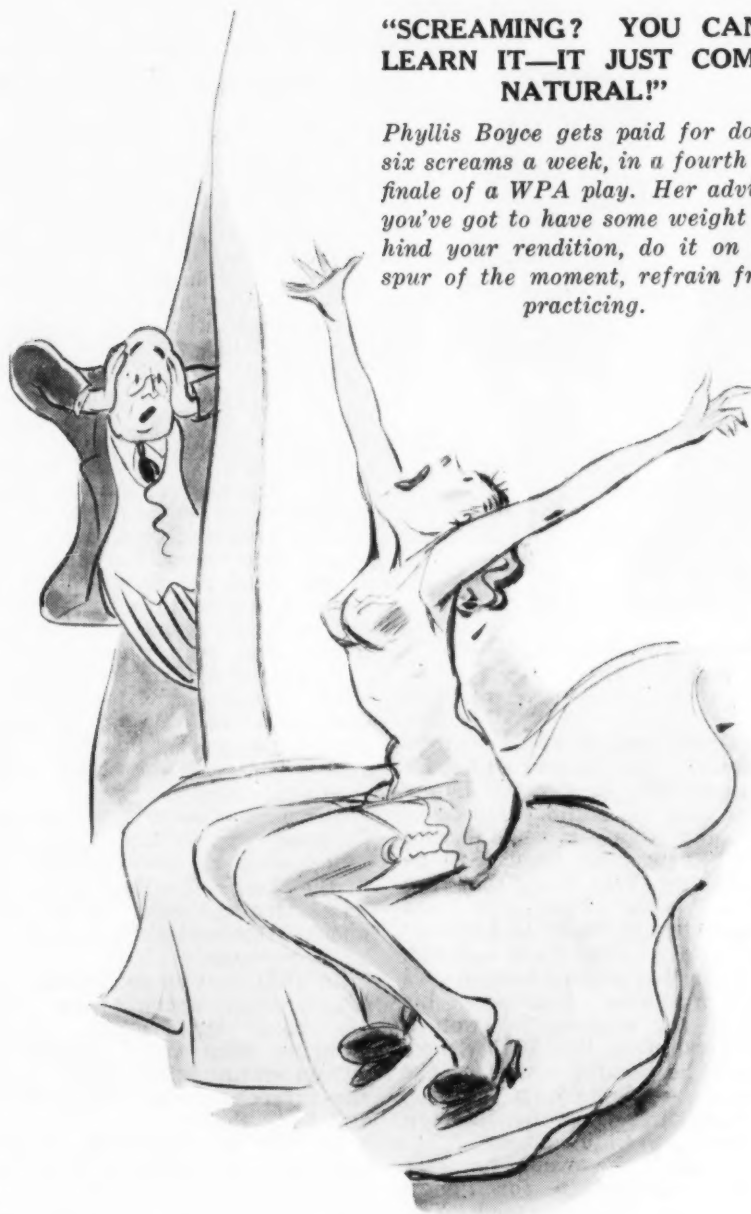
## IT LOOKS LIKE A FOOTBALL, BUT IT DOESN'T BOUNCE!

Michael Blaury, 14, found a heavy package in his hallway. He picked it up, dropped it—then repeated the process. His father opened it, took out three sticks of dynamite.



## QUICK, DOCTOR, THERE'S A BOLT IN THE CAKE!

In Grand Rapids, Mrs. Hake baked 13 cakes, then found that a bolt from her electric mixer was missing. On request, the doctor gave the cakes an X-ray treatment, found the cake which had the bolt.



## "SCREAMING? YOU CAN'T LEARN IT—IT JUST COMES NATURAL!"

Phyllis Boyce gets paid for doing six screams a week, in a fourth act finale of a WPA play. Her advice: you've got to have some weight behind your rendition, do it on the spur of the moment, refrain from practicing.



## NOW, WHO'D BE SENDING ME A BOMB FOR CHRISTMAS?

Cautious Mr. McGrath received a small package which ticked, seemed very ominous. Without ado, he tossed it out into an all-night rain. Police helped him open it next morning, found a white gold wrist watch.

## A Dream Ship Puts to Sea

(Continued from page 10)

often necessary to wait for days or weeks before getting the right wind to sail through the bridge. The current swept us on and needed plenty of sail to keep control over the ship. As we drew close to the bridge it looked as if we could never get through. The ship seemed wider than the opening, and her yards would surely crash into the lifted span of the bridge. But we rushed through with room to spare on either side, and I drew a long breath.

Off Pamban on the other side, the wind was wrong for the narrow channel through the shoals, so we anchored to wait for a fair wind along with several other native boats already there. This gave my captain, a very conservative sailor at all times, a chance to renew an old friendship with the captain of a lateen rigged vessel anchored close by. The lateen vessel had, it seemed, sailed ten days before for Colombo and encountered stormy weather half way there. They had "narrowly escaped," said their captain, and had returned to Pamban to wait for better weather and were still waiting. The weather at Pamban was lovely, and I suggested that perhaps by now the storm was over down there and they might leave. "No, sahib," they urged. "It is still the same. You must not go."

Being unable to see by what process of reasoning it must still be stormy weather down there because it had been ten days previously, and suspecting that perhaps they just wanted to get together for a few days' visit, I ordered my captain to make sail that evening when the wind became favorable. Reluctantly he did so, and we were soon out through the reefs. Nothing but open sea lay between us and Colombo now. I was very tired, having been on deck all the previous night, and turned in for a nap. We had all ordinary sail set and were comfortably rolling along on our course. I fell sound asleep. All was well.

Some change in the ship's motion woke me up. There was something wrong. I stepped out on deck, and was astonished to find the ship drifting in a fine fair wind, with all her sails furled, just where we had been when I turned in to sleep. There was no one at the wheel and not a sign of life on board. The entire crew had vanished. My first thought was that they had deserted the ship in the boat, afraid to go on because of the warning they had received. But the boat was still there. Then I heard a little tinkling sound up forward. The entire crew of eleven, plus my servant boy, were sitting cross-legged beneath the raised forecandle deck

(Continued on page 30)



# Brain Tanglers

## Beezul Settles a Will



Puzzle lore is well-stocked with brain teasers which revolve about the settlement of wills. Upon cursory examination, this peculiar condition is not at all peculiar. It is not even strange. The deceased, you see, has every advantage. He can, in the remaining waking hours of his life, set up some literally staggering posers concerning the settlement of his property; once gone to the great beyond, there is no possibility whatever that the original puzzle-maker will be able to afford the answer. With the utmost finality, it is up to you, because if you can't give the answer, or if you can find no one who can, you are simply out of luck.

Consider, then, the really formidable predicament of three fine sons of an old Welsh farmer. In Wales, as you may have learned, there is an extreme dependence upon horses as an aid to farm production. Wales, as a matter of fact, produces some of the finest horses in the world.

To return to the Welsh farmer, it seems that the fine old gentleman left all his property, consisting wholly of horses, to his three sons, James, Peter and William (in the order of their age). To James he willed one-

half of his property. Peter was to receive no less than one-third. And William, who was not even old enough to man a plow (much less hitch up some horses to the plow), was to benefit by his father's will to the extent of one-ninth.

When their father died, at a ripe old age, it was found that the stables held exactly seventeen horses. Now, the figure 17—no matter how many times you may magnify it—is not divisible by 2, or 3, or 9. To kill off some horses in order to make the bequeathed division would have been wasteful, with ill effects on their definitely not spendthrift Welsh blood. To have waited for some foals would have led to complications. What to do?

After several weeks of brain-racking indecision, the three sons decided to call in old Mr. Beezul, who served as lawyer for some five hundred miles of good Welsh territory, and who was pretty hard to fool when it came to these Welsh-farmer wills.

Mr. Beezul entered the farmyard mounted on his own mare, took one look at the situation, thought for  $8\frac{1}{4}$  seconds, and drawled out a most acceptable solution.

Now you try being Mr. Beezul.

## Victorians Take a Bow

If you happen to go to the same type of parties that we do, you will probably agree that it is in fashion (if not the law) to so arrange your function that there will always be more males than females present.

Such was not the case in the days of good Queen Victoria, who decided that the females should prevail (in number) all by herself, and with her own reasons.

At this party, the effect of the Queen's pronouncement was so great that there were no less

than twice as many ladies present as men.

According to the code, every lady made a bow to every other lady, to every gentleman, and to the chaperon. So also with the gentlemen. Every man bowed to every other man, every lady and to the chaperon.

All in all, exactly 900 bows were effected, which is a lot of bowing in any man's league.

Is it within your power to figure out how many ladies and gentlemen were in attendance on the night in question?

Solutions? Don't Look Now,  
But They're on Page 31

## The Innkeeper Satisfies

The innkeeper has a troublous life. When good cheer abounds and the guests pay well and promptly and there is much ripe philosophy swishing across the heavily weighted board, then, indeed, does the innkeeper know the rich fullness of his calling.

But sometimes there are not enough beds to go around.

Then the trouble begins. The woe that only an innkeeper knows descends in full, crushing swiftness.

Some of the innkeepers, though, are tricky gentlemen. They know ways and means of getting out of such situations, and, more's the pleasure, to the full satisfaction of all concerned.

On this particular night, eleven persons descended upon our friend innkeeper, who, as things happened, had but ten beds to offer.

To all appearances, any satisfactory handling of this situation seems to be impossible. But not for friend innkeeper. Oh, no!

Here's what he did:

He put two guests in the first bed, assuring the second of the

two that he would be given a bed for himself in a short while. Then he put the third guest in the second bed. The fourth was led to a third bed, the fifth to the fourth bed, the sixth in the fifth bed. This went on until the 10th man was tucked in to the ninth bed. Then he called one of the two men who had been placed in the first bed, pointed to the tenth bed, said very pleasantly:

"Come and take it."

It sounds good, but it isn't. As a matter of fact, there is something very fishy about the whole thing. Can you figure out what it is?



## To Win, Must Lose

Strange wills abound.

Take this one, for instance. The proud papa who thought up this will must have had absolutely no doubts concerning the abilities of his sons. That is, ability to be slow.

His sons, you see, were two in number, and each one owned a horse.

According to the will, the father decreed that his entire fortune was to go to that one of his two sons whose horse came in *second* (i.e., last) in a race to be run between two specified points.

Well, Father Time was swinging his scythe one day, and the father died. So the sons set out on their strange race, the winner of which was to be the one whose horse could *lose* a race.

The boys started out. They dawdled, and dawdled, and dawdled. At the rate they were going, it seemed to some perspicacious observers that the boys would be too old to enjoy the benefits of anything they might inherit by the time the issue was settled.

On the third day of the second week of the race, the two boys, neither of whom had lost enough

ground to be "ahead" in the race, stopped at the same inn.

One of the guests, who was what might be termed a smart individual, heard the details of the strange race.

Just about the time when everyone was preparing to retire for the night, this guest whispered something into the ear of the first boy, then whispered something into the ear of the second.

The boys forgot about sleeping. They rose quietly, then suddenly made a dash for the stables. They mounted, and galloped off in a swirl of dust, driving the animals with great fury. It was a sight to behold, but one which caused vast wonderment among the assembled guests of the inn.

Can you figure out what the intelligent guest told the two boys?



## Cryptogram

JBY FX UTZJKWD UPBW, HMJ  
YBNLWD THDYNTW, JKBY  
LZUQBWUGJBXF IXZ KUTPD QZBFO  
XF GUWUHZTJXZD UPUY.

## GEORGE ABBOTT'S 1000 PER CENT COMEDY BATTING AVERAGE!

In 1935 he staged "THREE MEN ON A HORSE!"

in 1936 it was "BOY MEETS GIRL!"

and now in 1937

## "BROTHER RAT"

(which means a funny freshman in a military school)

By John Monks, Jr. and Fred F. Finklehoffe

"One of the season's ten best plays."

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### IN THIS ISSUE

George Jean Nathan, dean of American Theatre critics, expresses his Doctrines, Dogmas and Delights. Be sure to read his articles on the theatre. They will be featured each week in Mid-Week Pictorial, The Newspicture Weekly.

### ARE YOU INVENTIVE

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## A Dream Ship Puts to Sea

(Continued from page 28)

praying. The captain held a little bell which he rang rhythmically, chanting a prayer aloud while the crew joined in. The mate raised a conch shell to his mouth as I watched, and it emitted a loud bellow. I am not one to interfere in anyone's customs, so I went and sat down patiently, watching the fair wind go to waste. After about an hour of bell ringing and conch blowing and all the other appurtenances of sea-going Hindu prayer, they came out from their retreat, daubed lime whitewash on their foreheads as further propitiation to the gods, and made sail once more, prepared for the worst.

It may have been the praying that had its effect, but in any case we made a fine passage to Colombo, with no sign of the terrible storm predicted by our friend in Pamban. We carried a light northeast monsoon wind until near the Ceylon shore again, then had light land and sea breezes to waft us along gently down the coast.

Personally our relations are going to be very good. They are very respectful and eager to do things for me. They anticipate my wants and are almost too so-

licitous. The white man in the East has educated the natives to the belief that it is sacrilegious for a white man to lift his finger to do anything for himself. So far I have had a hard time doing anything aboard ship except look ornamental. If I start to help on a halyard it is "No, Master." If I order them to let me take the wheel for a while they are completely upset and go around with a curious worried look, until they get me once more comfortably seated in my deck chair. It will be quite a while before they accept the fact that I take an active part in the sailing of the ship. When my wife arrives to join the ship there will be incipient mutiny when she starts to take part in the steering.

So the dream ship is at last a reality. She has even made her maiden voyage and is now ready for the shipyard and all the work that must be done to make her into what she should be. I am anxious to see the result, but confident that she will be the most beautiful ship afloat. And so I have named her the Florence C. Robinson for my wife. Which is very fitting.



"That's Sadie, our Wednesday mirage—You should see Sunday's."

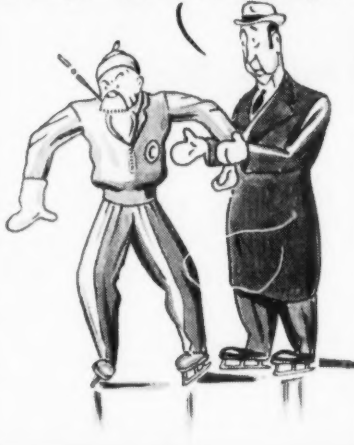
MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly



STEADY, GERVAYSE,  
YOU'RE WOBBLING!



PERHAPS A BIT MORE  
STARCH IN THE ANKLES, SIR—



GERVAYSE, OH GERVAYSE!



OOPS! - SORRY YOU  
DIDN'T WAIT, SIR—



NEVER HURRY LIKE THAT,  
SIR! FOR EXAMPLE --



SKATING, SIR, IS POETRY  
TRANSLATED INTO MOTION



"GRACEFUL AS THE SWAN—"



AND THEN?



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in Six Months*



"I have sold, up to date, nineteen features to the Detroit Free Press and have been made their correspondent here," writes Mrs. Leonard Sanders of 218 Union St., Milford, Mich., on completing the N.I.A. course. Her skilful handling of feature stories was the reason given by the editor for her appointment. Mrs. Sanders's first feature was sold less than four months after she enrolled with N.I.A.

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KNOW  
you can't WRITE?**

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## Solution to Problems On Page 29

### *Willed: 17 Horses*

Mr. Beezul placed his own horse with the others into the stable (just to illustrate his answer). Using the lowest common denominator, the willed shares added up to 17/18ths. The other 1/18 was Mr. Beezul's own horse. He dealt out the horses thusly: 9 to James, 6 to Peter, and 2 to William, who was very small. Fair enough?

January 13, 1937

### *Victorian Party*

There were 20 ladies and 10 gentlemen present.

The ladies made 380 bows to one another, the men 90 to one another. Ladies and gentlemen exchanged 400 bows, and bowed to the chaperon 30 times. Total: 900 bows. Chaperons, as far as the Victorian archives disclose, made no bows.

\* \* \*

### *Innkeeper and Travellers*

There is something fishy. The second occupant of the first bed is not the eleventh man. The eleventh man, if he had to depend on the innkeeper's ingenuity,

would have to sleep standing up, leaning against a mantelpiece, or against a bar. A bar, probably.

\* \* \*

### *Horse Lose Race*

It really wasn't very profound. He just told them to exchange horses. They took his advice, thereby settling the will with swiftness and decision.

\* \* \*

### *Cryptogram*

'Tis no earthly evil, but simply abysmal, this predilection for heavy drink on celebratory eves.

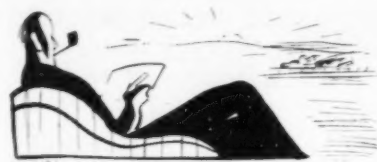
# How Did You Get Through the Week?

By Charles B. Driscoll

MR. ARTHUR BRISBANE was one of the hardest and steadiest workers I have known. I sat near him in many a political convention. While others wallowed in bored persiflage, BRISBANE wrote. At the HARDING convention in Chicago he first used a quiet typewriter, and was the only correspondent there who went on typing while speakers spouted . . . In latter years, BRISBANE wrote bushels of banality and tripe, but which of us will be able to do even that—and sell it—at 72? . . . Do you realize how *Death* has changed our world of words? ROGERS and BRISBANE out of it forever . . . and HUEY LONG'S violent taking off removed a noisy factor in news and politics . . . And all this brings to mind SIMEON D. FESS, who died at 75 lately . . . I was with ROGERS at the Kansas City convention that nominated MR. HERBERT HOOVER. FESS was being introduced, announced, talked about, advertised. The name stuck in the peculiar brain of ROGERS. As he went about, chewing gum, looking at the floor, he repeated in mock-stentorian manner, "SIMEON D. FESS!" as though it were some kind of silly joke . . . BILL LENGEL was camping outside WILL'S door, to get him to do an article for *Smart Set*, but WILL escaped through a back way many times . . . Finally, BILL jumped into WILL'S taxi, headed for the polo grounds. All the way out, BILL kept asking WILL if he'd write a short piece for *Smart Set*. WILL'S only answer was, "SIMEON D. FESS!" He would laugh meaninglessly as he repeated the magic name . . . BILL did not get the article . . . BRISBANE was widely read, only one writer, I think, writing daily to a bigger audience. It takes years to build up such a readership, but BRISBANE had the power of MR. HEARST and his salespeople always squarely behind him. In 39 years the HEARST papers and syndicates never wavered in their loyalty to the spectacular writing editor. That's teamwork that wins in this country . . . The most generally mispronounced word in America is address. When I'm asked by telegraph girls, taking messages, "What's the Address, please?" I always reply, "The ADDRESS is so-and-so, but there is no ADDRESS." Wonder whether it does any good . . .

Further nominations for the *Constitutional Convention*: WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, AMOS PINCHOT, HENRY J.

ALLEN, JOHN DEWEY, PETER WITT, COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, UPTON SINCLAIR. That's 27 I've named altogether, and you may make your own additions . . . FRED C. KELLY lives on an enormous farm near Peninsula, Ohio, and when he piles up too much money in the bank he buys another adjoining farm, sows it to grass, and goes back to his



writing, smoking a pipe, and drinking beer . . . His best little book was *How to Lose Your Money Prudently*. He hates bankers . . . My favorite niece, LILLIAN BLOOD, returning from weeks in Atlanta, agrees with me that that is one of the most highly civilized towns in America . . . Though San Francisco, Charleston, Wichita, Phoenix, St. Paul and New York are prize cities, each in its own special character . . . I suppose you know that HARRY RICHMAN did not become the idol of Broadway after he spilled the gasoline. I'm told that customers who have imbibed a glass or two sometimes shout from the tables, Yes, but why did you dump that gas? . . . It's almost impossible to regulate our hates in this Spanish war, since there are Spaniards on both sides . . . I'm willing to concede that they're even up on atrocities . . . I can remember when Spaniard was a fighting word. 1898. A gentle old Irishman in our town was ostracized from all society, even among those who attended church with him, because he said, Well, the Spaniards aren't so bad. They always helped the Irish against England . . . And do you remember when millions of Americans swore, with up-



raised hands, so help them God in their greatest need, that they would never buy anything made in Germany? . . . Could a man be prosecuted for perjury for violating that oath? . . . But I incline toward the Quakers in oath matters. I think oath-taking is mostly superstitious survival of primitive magic . . . I saw B. C. FORBES the other night, dressed up in kilts, and I'll swear there was heather in his hair. He was born in Aberdeenshire, and is now almost 57.

He has one son whose middle name is FEDERATE, which seems original enough . . . FREDERIC J. HASKIN, at 64, is not only writing newspaper copy every day, but is still traveling about the country, selling it . . . GEORGE GROTE, historian and philosopher, recognized, along with all who knew his work, that he had a giant intellect. His brain, dissected under his will, was found to be unusually small. Proving what?

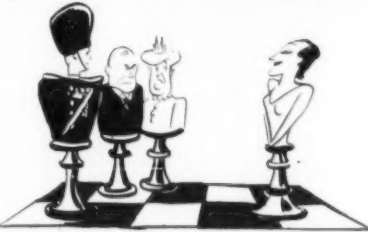
My money is on PACELLI for next Pope of Rome . . . but I doubt that he'll have the benefit of many prayers from Royal Oak, Michigan, prior to the conclave . . . A humorously philosophical book could be written by someone who has time and inspiration to make friends with big simians in the zoos. Call it *Interviews With Apes* . . .



And I've always wanted to see a humanized story of the saints of the calendar, done by a person rather neutral on religion, but not scoffing. I'd call it *Saints of God*, or, if you like it better, *Still They Were Saints* . . . I toss it to you, Mr. Publisher, with compliments of your volunteer editor-at-large . . . The game manufacturing people should lose no time getting out a game called *Abdication*. The object is to marry the king to the heroine without abdicating, but the hazards and handicaps include princes, dukes, gossips, politicians, prejudices, divorce proctors, mountains, rivers and money. Oh, yes, you can sell it all right . . . A periscope to give the driver a clear view ahead on the right, behind when backing up, and of the curb when parking, is the most essential gadget not yet available on automobiles. It is thoroughly practical, not difficult to provide, and is lacking only because of shortage of imagination. The first manufacturer who reads this and acts will bless me—but won't pay me . . . MRS. ALBERT EINSTEIN was an emotional, excitable woman, but she managed her husband's business affairs well. I induced MR. EINSTEIN, on a visit to America at the height of his fame, to write a piece for the papers. When FRAU EINSTEIN learned the amount to be paid, she was happy. Now we can have a refrigerator for the first

time! she said. That was the beginning of prosperity for the poor Professor. He wrote out his *Theory* on parchment and sold it for \$2,000 to a rich man who gave it to Yale . . . A book I like: *The Autobiography of G. K. Chesterton*. I treasure a caricature of himself he drew for me on the fly-leaf of one of my books. The book is about buried treasure, so G. K. sketched his big head, with wide hat and glasses, emerging from desert sand: Underneath, he wrote, *Buried, but not a treasure*. G. K. CHESTERTON . . .

Most touching story of the old year: From Rock Island, about the collier that spent 13 years vainly waiting at the elevator shaft in St. Anthony's Hospital for the return of FRANCIS McMAHON, his master. There were love and faith and hope, hard to match even among dogs . . . I would like to know how many copies of *Gone With the Wind* have been sold to carriers . . . you know, those people who buy a popular book to carry about in public, to impress beholders. I know that Anthony Adverse and WILL DURANT'S *Story of Philosophy* owed much of their circulation to the carrier trade. I have a friend who wore out or misplaced three copies of DURANT, and never read more than chapter headings and a few lines about the sex life of some philosopher . . . A desperate device for getting publicity: cable or phone the DUKE OF WINDSOR an



offer of a few millions for his memoirs or for an appearance in a show, circus, debate . . . So we return to the business of watching Congress and the Legislatures make more laws, and the papers will be full of posturings of the politicians . . . But wise TOM REED said, "One of the greatest delusions in the world is the hope that the evils of this world can be cured by legislation." . . . And one of the evils that legislation has not intimately touched is all this unemployment. So I play CASANDRA for a moment . . . Do not put too much trust in a prosperity that is co-existent with wide-spread unemployment . . . It was a wonderful holiday season . . . but how did you get through the week?

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newpicture Weekly



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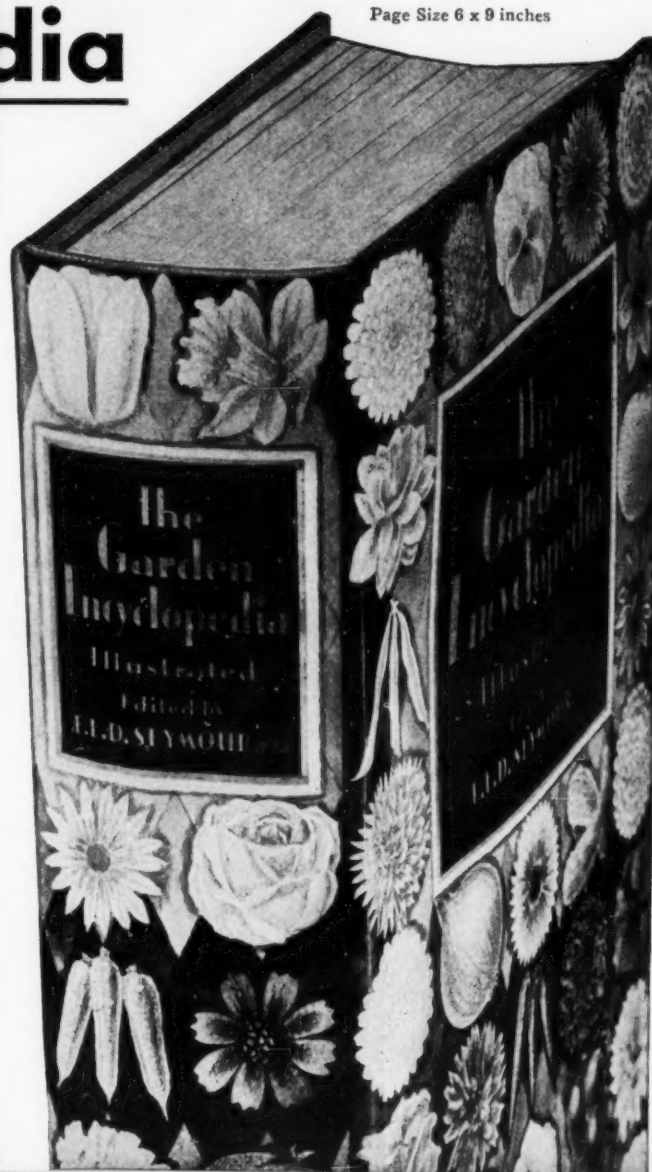
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